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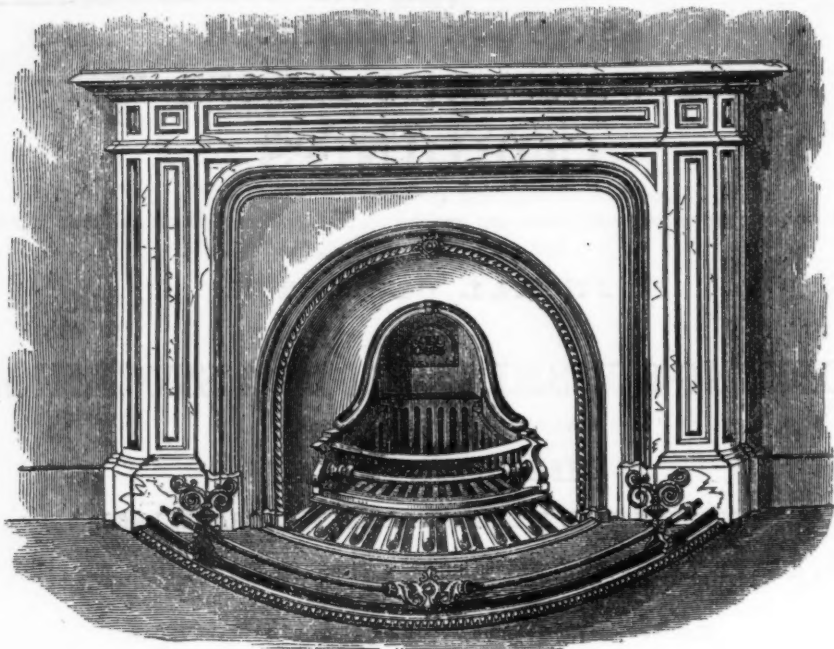
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N^o. 106.]

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IF that staid old house near the Green at Richmond should ever come to be haunted when I am dead, it will be haunted, surely, by my ghost. O the many, many nights and days through which the unquiet spirit within me haunted that house when Estella lived there! Let my body be where it would, my spirit was always wandering, wandering, wandering, about that house.

The lady with whom Estella was placed, Mrs. Brandley by name, was a widow, with one daughter several years older than Estella. The mother looked young, and the daughter looked old; the mother's complexion was pink, and the daughter's was yellow; the mother set up for frivolity, and the daughter for theology. They were in what is called a good position, and visited, and were visited by, numbers of people. Little if any community of feeling subsisted between them and Estella, but the understanding was established that they were necessary to her, and that she was necessary to them. Mrs. Brandley had been a friend of Miss Havisham's before the time of her seclusion.

In Mrs. Brandley's house and out of Mrs. Brandley's house, I suffered every kind and degree of torture that Estella could cause me. The nature of my relations with her, which placed me on terms of familiarity without placing me on terms of favour, conduced to my distraction. She made use of me to tease other admirers, and she turned the very familiarity between herself and me, to the account of putting a constant slight on my devotion to her. If I had been her secretary, steward, half-brother, poor relation—if I had been a younger brother of her appointed husband—I could not have seemed to myself, further from my hopes when I was nearest to her. The privilege of calling her by her name and hearing her call me by mine, became under the circumstances an aggravation of my trials; and while I think it likely that it almost maddened her other lovers, I know too certainly that it almost maddened me.

She had admirers without end. No doubt my jealousy made an admirer of every one who went

near her; but there were more than enough of them without that.

I saw her often at Richmond, I heard of her often in town, and I used often to take her and the Brandleys on the water; there were picnics, fête days, plays, operas, concerts, parties, all sorts of pleasures, through which I pursued her—and they were all miseries to me. I never had one hour's happiness in her society, and yet my mind all round the four-and-twenty hours was harping on the happiness of having her with me unto death.

Throughout this part of our intercourse—and it lasted, as will presently be seen, for what I then thought a long time—she habitually reverted to that tone which expressed that our association was forced upon us. There were other times when she would come to a sudden check in this tone and in all her many tones, and would seem to pity me.

"Pip, Pip," she said one evening, coming to such a check, when we sat apart at a darkening window of the house in Richmond; "will you never take warning?"

"Of what?"

"Of me."

"Warning not to be attracted by you, do you mean, Estella?"

"Do I mean! If you don't know what I mean, you are blind."

I should have replied that Love was commonly reputed blind, but for the reason that I always was restrained—and this was not the least of my miseries—by a feeling that it was ungenerous to press myself upon her, when she knew that she could not choose but obey Miss Havisham. My dread always was, that this knowledge on her part laid me under a heavy disadvantage with her pride, and made me the subject of a rebellious struggle in her bosom.

"At any rate," said I, "I have no warning given me just now, for you wrote to me to come to you, this time."

"That's true," said Estella, with a cold careless smile that always chilled me.

After looking at the twilight without, for a little while, she went on to say:

"The time has come round when Miss Havisham wishes to have me for a day at Satis. You are to take me there, and bring me back, if you will. She would rather I did not travel alone, and objects to receiving my maid, for she has a

sensitive horror of being talked of by such people. Can you take me?"

"Can I take you, Estella?"

"You can then? The day after to-morrow, if you please. You are to pay all charges out of my purse. You hear the condition of your going?"

"And must obey," said I.

This was all the preparation I received for that visit, or for others like it; Miss Havisham never wrote to me, nor had I ever so much as seen her handwriting. We went down on the next day but one, and we found her in the room where I had first beheld her, and it is needless to add that there was no change in Satis House.

She was even more dreadfully fond of Estella than she had been when I last saw them together; I repeat the word advisedly, for there was something positively dreadful in the energy of her looks and embraces. She hung upon Estella's beauty, hung upon her words, hung upon her gestures, and sat mumbling her own trembling fingers while she looked at her, as though she were devouring the beautiful creature she had reared.

From Estella she looked at me, with a searching glance that seemed to pry into my heart and probe its wounds. "How does she use you, Pip; how does she use you?" she asked me again, with her witch-like eagerness, even in Estella's hearing. But when we sat by her flickering fire at night, she was most weird; for then, keeping Estella's hand drawn through her arm and clutched in her own hand, she extorted from her, by dint of referring back to what Estella had told her in her regular letters, the names and conditions of the men whom she had fascinated; and as Miss Havisham dwelt upon this roll, with the intensity of a mind mortally hurt and diseased, she sat with her other hand on her crutched stick, and her chin on that, and her wan bright eyes glaring at me, a very spectre.

I saw in this, wretched though it made me, and bitter the sense of dependence and even of degradation that it awakened,—I saw in this, that Estella was set to wreak Miss Havisham's revenge on men, and that she was not to be given to me until she had gratified it for a term. I saw in this, a reason for her being beforehand assigned to me. Sending her out to attract and torment and do mischief, Miss Havisham sent her with the malicious assurance that she was beyond the reach of all admirers, and that all who staked upon that cast were secured to lose. I saw in this, that I, too, was tormented by a perversion of ingenuity, even while the prize was reserved for me. I saw in this, the reason for my being staved off so long, and the reason for my late guardian's declining to commit himself to the formal knowledge of such a scheme. In a word, I saw in this, Miss Havisham as I had her then and there before my eyes, and always had had her before my eyes; and I saw in this the distinct shadow of the darkened and unhealthy house in which her life was hidden from the sun.

The candles that lighted that room of hers

were placed in sconces on the wall. They were high from the ground, and they burnt with the steady dulness of artificial light in air that is seldom renewed. As I looked round at them, and at the pale gloom they made, and at the stopped clock, and at the withered articles of bridal dress upon the table and the ground, and at her own awful figure with its ghostly reflection thrown large by the fire upon the ceiling and the wall, I saw in everything the construction that my mind had come to, repeated and thrown back to me. My thoughts passed into the great room across the landing where the table was spread, and I saw it written, as it were, in the falls of the cobwebs from the centre-piece, in the crawlings of the spiders on the cloth, in the tracks of the mice as they betook their little quickened hearts behind the panels, and in the gropings and pausings of the beetles on the floor.

It happened on the occasion of this visit that some sharp words arose between Estella and Miss Havisham. It was the first time I had ever seen them opposed.

We were seated by the fire as just now described, and Miss Havisham still had Estella's arm drawn through her own, and still clutched Estella's hand in hers, when Estella gradually began to detach herself. She had shown a proud impatience more than once before, and had rather endured that fierce affection than accepted or returned it.

"What!" said Miss Havisham, flashing her eyes upon her, "are you tired of me?"

"Only a little tired of myself," replied Estella, disengaging her arm, and moving to the great chimney-piece, where she stood looking down at the fire.

"Speak the truth, you ingrate!" cried Miss Havisham, passionately striking her stick upon the floor; "you are tired of me."

Estella looked at her with perfect composure, and again looked down at the fire. Her graceful figure and her beautiful face expressed a self-possessed indifference to the wild heat of the other, that was almost cruel.

"You stock and stone!" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "You cold, cold heart!"

"What?" said Estella, preserving her attitude of indifference as she leaned against the great chimney-piece and only moving her eyes; "do you reproach me for being cold? You?"

"Are you not?" was the fierce retort.

"You should know," said Estella. "I am what you have made me. Take all the praise, take all the blame; take all the success, take all the failure; in short, take me."

"O, look at her, look at her!" cried Miss Havisham, bitterly. "Look at her, so hard and thankless, on the hearth where she was reared! Where I took her into this wretched breast when it was first bleeding from its stabs, and where I have lavished years of tenderness upon her!"

"At least I was no party to the compact," said Estella, "for if I could walk and speak, when it was made, it was as much as I could do.

But what would you have? You have been very good to me, and I owe everything to you. What would you have?"

"Love," replied the other.

"You have it."

"I have not," said Miss Havisham.

"Mother by adoption," retorted Estella, never departing from the easy grace of her attitude, never raising her voice as the other did, never yielding either to anger or tenderness, "Mother by adoption, I have said that I owe everything to you. All I possess is freely yours. All that you have given me, is at your command to have again. Beyond that, I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty cannot do impossibilities."

"Did I never give her, love!" cried Miss Havisham, turning wildly to me. "Did I never give her a burning love, inseparable from jealousy at all times, and from sharp pain, while she speaks thus to me! Let her call me mad, let her call me mad!"

"Why should I call you mad," returned Estella, "I, of all people? Does any one live, who knows what set purposes you have, half as well as I do? Does any one live, who knows what a steady memory you have, half as well as I do? I, who have sat on this same hearth on the little stool that is even now beside you there, learning your lessons and looking up into your face, when your face was strange and frightened me!"

"Soon forgotten!" moaned Miss Havisham. "Times soon forgotten!"

"No, not forgotten," retorted Estella. "Not forgotten, but treasured up in my memory. When have you found me false to your teaching? When have you found me unmindful of your lessons? When have you found me giving admission here," she touched her bosom with her hand, "to anything that you excluded? Be just to me."

"So proud, so proud!" moaned Miss Havisham, pushing away her grey hair with both her hands.

"Who taught me to be proud?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learnt my lesson?"

"So hard, so hard!" moaned Miss Havisham, with her former action.

"Who taught me to be hard?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learnt my lesson?"

"But to be proud and hard to me!" Miss Havisham quite shrieked, as she stretched out her arms. "Estella, Estella, Estella, to be proud and hard to me!"

Estella looked at her for a moment with a kind of calm wonder, but was not otherwise disturbed; when the moment was past she looked down at the fire again.

"I cannot think," said Estella, raising her eyes after a silence, "why you should be so unreasonable when I come to see you after a separation. I have never forgotten your wrongs and their causes. I have never been unfaith-

ful to you or your schooling. I have never shown any weakness that I can charge myself with."

"Would it be weakness to return my love?" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "But yes, yes, she would call it so!"

"I begin to think," said Estella, in a musing way, after another moment of calm wonder, "that I almost understand how this comes about. If you had brought up your adopted daughter wholly in the dark confinement of these rooms, and had never let her know that there was such a thing as the daylight by which she has never once seen your face—if you had done that, and then, for a purpose had wanted her to understand the daylight and know all about it, you would have been disappointed and angry?"

Miss Havisham, with her head in her hands, sat making a low moaning, and swaying herself on her chair, but gave no answer.

"Or," said Estella, "—which is a nearer case—if you had taught her, from the dawn of her intelligence, with your utmost energy and might, that there was such a thing as daylight, but that it was made to be her enemy and destroyer, and she must always turn against it, for it had blighted you and would else blight her;—if you had done this, and then, for a purpose, had wanted her to take naturally to the daylight and she could not do it, you would have been disappointed and angry?"

Miss Havisham sat listening (or it seemed so, for I could not see her face), but still made no answer.

"So," said Estella, "I must be taken as I have been made. The success is not mine, the failure is not mine, but the two together make me."

Miss Havisham had settled down, I hardly knew how, upon the floor, among the faded bridal relics with which it was strewn. I took advantage of the moment—I had sought one from the first—to leave the room, after beseeching Estella's attention to her, with a movement of my hand. When I left, Estella was yet standing by the great chimney-piece, just as she had stood throughout. Miss Havisham's grey hair was all adrift upon the ground, among the other bridal wrecks, and was a miserable sight to see.

It was with a depressed heart that I walked in the starlight for an hour and more, about the court-yard, and about the brewery, and about the ruined garden. When I at last took courage to return to the room, I found Estella sitting at Miss Havisham's knee, taking up some stitches in one of those old articles of dress that were dropping to pieces, and of which I have often been reminded since by the faded tatters of old banners that I have seen hanging up in cathedrals. Afterwards, Estella and I played cards, as of yore—only we were skilful now, and played French games—and so the evening wore away, and I went to bed.

I lay in that separate building across the court-yard. It was the first time I had ever

lain down to rest in Satis House, and sleep refused to come near me. A thousand Miss Havishams haunted me. She was on this side of my pillow, on that, at the head of the bed, at the foot, behind the half-opened door of the dressing-room, in the dressing-room, in the room overhead, in the room beneath—everywhere. At last, when the night was slow to creep on towards two o'clock, I felt that I absolutely could no longer bear the place as a place to lie down in, and that I must get up. I therefore got up and put on my clothes, and went out across the yard into the long stone passage, designing to gain the outer court-yard and walk there for the relief of my mind. But I was no sooner in the passage than I extinguished my candle; for, I saw Miss Havisham going along it in a ghostly manner, making a low cry. I followed her at a distance, and saw her go up the staircase. She carried a bare candle in her hand, which she had probably taken from one of the sconces in her own room, and was a most unearthly object by its light. Standing at the bottom of the staircase, I felt the mildewed air of the feast-chamber, without seeing her open the door, and I heard her walking there, and so across into her own room, and so across again into that, never ceasing the low cry. After a time, I tried in the dark both to get out, and to go back, but I could do neither until some streaks of day strayed in and showed me where to lay my hands. During the whole interval, whenever I went to the bottom of the staircase, I heard her footstep, saw her light pass above, and heard her ceaseless low cry.

Before we left next day, there was no revival of the difference between her and Estella, nor was it ever revived on any similar occasion; and there were four similar occasions, to the best of my remembrance. Nor, did Miss Havisham's manner towards Estella in anywise change, except that I believed it to have something like fear infused among its former characteristics.

It is impossible to turn this leaf of my life, without putting Bentley Drummle's name upon it; or I would, very gladly.

On a certain occasion when the Finches were assembled in force, and when good feeling was being promoted in the usual manner by nobody's agreeing with anybody else, the presiding Finch called the Grove to order, forasmuch as Mr. Drummle had not yet toasted a lady; which, according to the solemn constitution of the society, it was the brute's turn to do that day. I thought I saw him leer in an ugly way at me while the decanters were going round, but as there was no love lost between us, that might easily be. What was my indignant surprise when he called upon the company to pledge him to "Estella!"

"Estella who?" said I.

"Never you mind," retorted Drummle.

"Estella of where?" said I. "You are bound to say of where." Which he was, as a Finch.

"Of Richmond, gentlemen," said Drummle, putting me out of the question, "and a peerless beauty."

Much he knew about peerless beauties, a mean miserable idiot! I whispered Herbert.

"I know that lady," said Herbert, across the table, when the toast had been honoured.

"Do you?" said Drummle.

"And so do I," I added, with a scarlet face.

"Do you?" said Drummle. "Oh, Lord!"

This was the only retort—except glass or crockery—that the heavy creature was capable of making; but I became as highly incensed by it as if it had been barbed with wit, and I immediately rose in my place and said that I could not but regard it as being like the honourable Finch's impudence to come down to that Grove—we always talked about coming down to that Grove, as a neat Parliamentary turn of expression—down to that Grove, proposing a lady of whom he knew nothing. Mr. Drummle upon this, starting up, demanded what I meant by that? Whereupon, I made him the extreme reply that I believed he knew where I was to be found.

Whether it was possible in a Christian country to get on without blood, after this, was a question on which the Finches were divided. The debate upon it grew so lively indeed, that at least six more honourable members told six more, during the discussion, that they believed *they* knew where *they* were to be found. However, it was decided at last (the Grove being a Court of Honour) that if Mr. Drummle would bring never so slight a certificate from the lady, importing that he had the honour of her acquaintance, Mr. Pip must express his regret, as a gentleman and a Finch, for "having been betrayed into a warmth which." Next day was appointed for the production (lest our honour should take cold from delay), and next day Drummle appeared with a polite little avowal in Estella's hand, that she had had the honour of dancing with him several times. This left me no course but to regret that I had been "betrayed into a warmth which," and on the whole to repudiate, as untenable, the idea that I was to be found anywhere. Drummle and I then sat snorting at one another for an hour, while the Grove engaged in indiscriminate contradiction, and finally the promotion of good feeling was declared to have gone ahead at an amazing rate.

I tell this lightly, but it was no light thing to me. For, I cannot adequately express what pain it gave me to think that Estella should show any favour to a contemptible, clumsy, sulky booby, so very far below the average. To the present moment, I believe it to have been referable to some pure fire of generosity and disinterestedness in my love for her, that I could not endure the thought of her stooping to that bound. No doubt I should have been miserable whomsoever she had favoured; but a worthier object would have caused me a different kind and degree of distress.

It was easy for me to find out, and I did soon find out, that Drummle had begun to follow her closely, and that she allowed him to do it. A little

while, and he was always in pursuit of her, and he and I crossed one another every day. He held on, in a dull persistent way, and Estella held him on; now with encouragement, now with discouragement, now almost flattering him, now openly despising him, now knowing him very well, now scarcely remembering who he was.

The Spider, as Mr. Jaggers had called him, was used to lying in wait, however, and had the patience of his tribe. Added to that, he had a blockhead confidence in his money and in his family greatness, which sometimes did him good service—almost taking the place of concentration and determined purpose. So, the Spider, doggedly watching Estella, outwatched many brighter insects, and would often uncoil himself and drop at the right nick of time.

At a certain Assembly Ball at Richmond (there used to be Assembly Balls at most places then), where Estella had outshone all other beauties, this blundering Drummle so hung about her, and with so much toleration on her part, that I resolved to speak to her concerning him. I took the next opportunity: which was when she was waiting for Mrs. Brandley to take her home, and was sitting apart among some flowers, ready to go. I was with her, for I almost always accompanied them to and from such places.

"Are you tired, Estella?"

"Rather, Pip."

"You should be."

"Say rather, I should not be; for I have my letter to Satis House to write, before I go to sleep."

"Recounting to-night's triumph?" said I. "Surely a very poor one, Estella."

"What do you mean? I didn't know there had been any."

"Estella," said I, "do look at that fellow in the corner yonder, who is looking over here at us."

"Why should I look at him?" returned Estella, with her eyes on me instead. "What is there in that fellow in the corner yonder—to use your words—that I need look at?"

"Indeed, that is the very question I want to ask you," said I. "For he has been hovering about you all night."

"Moths, and all sorts of ugly creatures," replied Estella, with a glance towards him, "hover about a lighted candle. Can the candle help it?"

"No," I returned; "but cannot the Estella help it?"

"Well!" said she, laughing, after a moment, "perhaps. Yes. Anything you like."

"But, Estella, do hear me speak. It makes me wretched that you should encourage a man so generally despised as Drummle. You know he is despised."

"Well?" said she.

"You know he is as ungainly within, as without. A deficient, ill-tempered, lowering, stupid fellow."

"Well?" said she.

"You know he has nothing to recommend him but money, and a ridiculous roll of addle-headed predecessors; now, don't you?"

"Well?" said she again; and each time she said it, she opened her lovely eyes the wider.

To overcome the difficulty of getting past that monosyllable, I took it from her, and said, repeating it with emphasis, "Well! Then, that is why it makes me wretched."

Now, if I could have believed that she favoured Drummle with any idea of making me—me—wretched, I should have been in better heart about it; but in that habitual way of hers, she put me so entirely out of the question, that I could believe nothing of the kind.

"Pip," said Estella, casting her glance over the room, "don't be foolish about its effect on you. It may have its effect on others, and may be meant to have. It's not worth discussing."

"Yes it is," said I, "because I cannot bear that people should say, 'she throws away her graces and attractions on a mere boor, the lowest in the crowd.'"

"I can bear it," said Estella.

"Oh! don't be so proud Estella, and so inflexible."

"Calls me proud and inflexible in this breath!" said Estella, opening her hands. "And in his last breath reproached me for stooping to a boor!"

"There is no doubt you do," said I, something hurriedly, "for I have seen you give him looks and smiles this very night, such as you never give to—me."

"Do you want me then," said Estella, turning suddenly with a fixed and serious, if not angry, look, "to deceive and entrap you?"

"Do you deceive and entrap him, Estella?"

"Yes, and many others—all of them but you. Here is Mrs. Brandley. I'll say no more."

And now that I have given the one chapter to the theme that so filled my heart, and so often made it ache and ache again, I pass on, unhindered, to the event that had impended over me longer yet; the event that had begun to be prepared for, before I knew that the world held Estella, and in the days when her baby intelligence was receiving its first distortions from Miss Havisham's wasting hands.

In the Eastern story, the heavy slab that was to fall on the bed of state in the flush of conquest was slowly wrought out of the quarry, the tunnel for the rope to hold it in its place was slowly carried through the leagues of rock, the slab was slowly raised and fitted in the roof, the rope was rove to it and slowly taken through the miles of hollow to the great iron ring. All being made ready with much labour, and the hour come, the sultan was aroused in the dead of the night, and the sharpened axe that was to sever the rope from the great iron ring was put into his hand, and he struck with it, and the rope parted and rushed away, and the ceiling fell. So, in my case; all the work, near and afar, that tended to the end, had been accom-

plished; and in an instant the blow was struck, and the roof of my stronghold dropped upon me.

GRAND GODARD.

THE constant reader will remember that, at the closing scene of poor Jean Gigon's career* there unexpectedly came forward an extraordinary figure, the tallest, and at that moment the leanest and the palest—he had just come out of hospital—of the whole regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique—Jean Gigon's intimate friend and confidant, enveloped in a long white mantle, the skirt of which, thrown over the left shoulder, concealed the funereal black-waxed bottle of claret which the deceased had requested should serve as his pillow when laid in the grave.

The narrator of Jean Gigon's *Thirty-two Duels*, Monsieur Antoine Gandon, encouraged by the literary and dramatic success of the biography, which is now attracting crowds to the Théâtre de la Gaité, has given us another military portrait, and has fixed in interesting black and white the remarkable phantom who has just been alluded to. We now have, for calm and leisurely perusal, "*Le Grand Godard*," the history of a strong man; and the author himself is scarcely less remarkable a person than his hero, an old Chasseur d'Afrique, who has seen plenty of active service, who has lived the life of garrisons and camps, he is still not ashamed to confess that he has never neglected to say his prayers. The pen, for which he has exchanged his sword, is bright and brilliant; sharp enough, it wounds nobody: better still, it wearies nobody. There is not a living story-teller who writes more agreeable gossip, or more clear and readable French. In his narratives there is found amalgamated a very considerable proportion of romance—romance both of action and of sentiment—every word of which, I suppose, is true; but if it is not, it is of no great consequence; for it no more shocks your sense of truth than do facts like these: "A naughty boy went out to seek his fortune; but before he was half way there, a wolf came out of the wood, and ate him up. A good boy went out on the same errand, after dutifully bidding his parents good-by; and before he had set half a dozen steps, he was met by a most beautiful fairy who —" Therefore we do not care to ask M. Gandon his authority for all his episodes: Whether the Grand Godard ever really existed in the flesh, and whether a visitor would have to drive to the "pretty town situated several myriamètres' distance from Paris," or to No. 10,000, Fairyland. But even if M. Gandon has given to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, it is to be hoped that Grand Godard, his wife, and family, are nevertheless in the enjoyment of excellent health.

The author, too, has the merit of inventing a novel mode of disarming criticism. Instead of

sending by the post, or a commissionaire, copies of a new work to the newspapers and literary journals, he delivers every copy with his own hand, not allowing himself to be repulsed if the person to whom it is addressed is not at home, but returning at his hour, and, moreover, never having to complain of an uncivil reception. This gives him an opportunity of explaining to the reviewer that he really is an old African and writes of things with which he is familiar. Consequently, M. Gandon frankly acknowledges what he believes to be his obligations to his literary brethren; the reader must not think, however, that his own proper merit has been without its weight. Let it be added, that M. Gandon's little books are "*livres honnêtes*," books of respectability, which may be read without blushing by respectable people—a remark that cannot be made respecting sundry small volumes which are published, and become highly popular, in Paris.

Grand Godard is neither Godard the Grand, nor Godard the Great, but only Godard the Tall. Whether he was tall from his birth upwards, is not recorded. His comrades gave him the name for two reasons. First, everything about him was on a grand scale, both physically and morally; lofty stature, large head, thick neck, long arms, great hands, stout body, long legs, great feet, and above all a great heart. Secondly, there was another Godard in the regiment, with whom we need not trouble ourselves further than to state that he was exactly the opposite of the former one.

Grand Godard was never taught any trade or profession. Sent to a grammar-school at ten years of age, he left it at eighteen, to lose his father and mother, one after the other, within six months. After holding for twenty years a very important commercial position in a provincial town, they were ruined by an uninterrupted series of unexpected misfortunes, amongst which was the failure of several considerable houses with whom they did business. The orphan lad, knowing nothing about commerce, and having no other family than very distant relations, hailed as a relief to his loneliness the day when he would have to draw for the conscription. Chance favoured him, and he drew what is called a good number, i.e. one which would exempt him; but instead of taking advantage of it, he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, in order to exchange to Africa afterwards. He thought that during his time of service the affairs of his inheritance might be arranged by the family notary; but it was a long and complicated piece of business. At the end of seven years, the lawyer's fees amounted to eight or ten thousand francs, and young Godard received the balance—one hundred francs, or four pounds, which was all the paternal fortune that ever reached him.

"Decidedly," he said, when he went to verify the voluminous bundle of stamped papers that was presented to him, "it is a pity that my poor father did not article me to a notary; I should then at least have made a profit out of proving

* See All the Year Round, No. 54.

to myself that I had not a sou." This was his first and last complaint about the matter.

But Grand Godard was a philosopher as well as a soldier. Day by day, from his entry into the service, he had the patience to keep a journal, in which he noted every remarkable event that occurred during his military career. At the end of every year, he digested these daily notes into a manuscript volume, so that when he left the regiment he took with him seven volumes filled with very curious observations, all which were placed at M. Gandon's disposal. There are not many cavalry soldiers who would persevere in such a task until the day of their discharge. Among the remarks on men and manners, are Grand Godard's reflections on colonels in general.

A good colonel, in the healthy acceptance of the word, is more than a father to the soldiers of his regiment; for there are many fathers who allow their children every possible facility for doing evil, which is exactly the reverse of a really good colonel. Did you ever hear a soldier say to his colonel, as you may hear some children say to their parents, "I am sick of being scolded; you worry me to death, always preaching about the same stupid thing"? Punishment for disrespect ought to follow in one case, as it is sure to follow in the other. And the soldiers who are punished for insubordination, how have they been brought up? Have they ever been taught to respect their parents? It is a remarkable fact that the best soldiers never mention their father and mother without deep respect and sincere affection.

There was once a colonel in the lancers so severe, so very severe, that the soldiers of his regiment spoke of him to one another as Colonel Pince-sans-rire, or Colonel Nip-and-no-joke. When he left his residence to go to barracks, his countenance, according to the lancers, assumed even in the street so serious a complexion, that no one cared to meet the terrible chief. Once inside the barracks—such is the account of the regimental legend—the colonel's physiognomy was no longer human. His black eyes seemed to dart days of imprisonment by dozens; his thin and compressed lips appeared ready to pronounce orders of arrest; and his very nostrils worked convulsively, like the opening and shutting of dungeon doors.

Colonel Nip-and-no-joke knew by name all the men belonging to his regiment, exactly as the father of a family knows the names of all his children. No one ever entered his corps without being inspected, interrogated, and twisted about in all sorts of ways. As he had a prodigious memory, and was an excellent physiognomist besides, after this inspection he knew every one of his men by heart. I will not affirm that he did not also know the names of all the horses of the regiment. However that may be, one fine morning when he was going to barracks, at Provins, he discovered a lancer in slovenly attire, who, catching sight of him at a distance, tried to slip away up a back lane. But the colonel's deep voice was instantly heard:

"Lancer, come here!" The lancer obeyed. "What is your name?"

"Dufour, colonel," replied the lancer. "I have only joined the regiment a week."

"Very well! You will walk back to quarters in front of me, and you will tell your head quartermaster to report the lancer Sautereau four days' guard-house for his shabby appearance in the town, and for four days under arrest for giving a false name to the colonel. Be off with you."

The poor devil Sautereau could never get over his astonishment. Arrived such a little while ago, and lost in a crowd of eight hundred men, he never could have believed that his colonel was so excellent a father of a family.

In Colonel Nip-and-no-joke's regiment, not a man of which could complain of being unjustly punished, there was a lieutenant-colonel whom the lancers considered a capital fellow; and everybody was longing for the time when the colonel was to take two or three months' leave of absence, to indulge in a little repose after the severity of his discipline. It ought to be mentioned that the regiment was of new formation, having been raised after the revolution of 1830, and that a rose-water drawing-room colonel would have been perfectly unsuited for such a task. Ah! the service was strict in that regiment; and the exercises! And the manœuvres! It was marvellous to see Colonel Nip-and-no-joke's six fine squadrons defile at full gallop, and to hear his grave voice, after a brilliant evolution, pronounce, for the first time, the words,

"Attention. I am satisfied with the regiment: but as the three first squadrons have manœuvred still better than the three last, I remit all punishment incurred by the three first squadrons. Dismount. Stand at ease."

The three last squadrons were not long before they deserved a similar remission of their minor offences. A few days afterwards, Nip-and-no-joke took his leave, and the command fell to the lieutenant-colonel, the capital fellow. And the capital fellow managed so capitally that, for three months, neither the officers, the sous-officiers, the brigadiers, the lancers, nor the trumpeters, knew which way to turn themselves. And when the regiment heard that Colonel Nip-and-no-joke was coming back again, they greeted the news with hearty cheers. The circumstances deserve to be recorded in detail, the more because such a thing had never happened in the garrison of Provins, which had been held by cavalry for nearly a century. It is probable even that few regiments can register in their history a similar occurrence to this.

The colonel had just arrived at the hotel of the Boule d'Or one fine September evening. He was still in plain clothes; and as the retreat had beaten, he prepared to take his rest after the fatigue of a long journey, when suddenly the captain, who was adjutant-major for the week, rushed into his bedroom, exclaiming, "Colonel, the regiment is in open mutiny!"

"My lancers in open mutiny?" replied the colonel, readjusting his travelling dress.

"Yes, colonel. We have just sounded the

call to-bed, and not a man will go into the dormitories. My exhortations and threats have had no effect whatever. I ordered the guard to arrest those whom I suspected to be the ring-leaders, but they refused to obey me. Come with me, colonel, I entreat you; your presence may prevent some serious misfortune."

"Joseph," said the colonel, calling his servant, who was at hand in an instant. "Quick, my uniform, my sabre."

"Ah! colonel," interposed the adjutant-major, "I conjure you, do not waste a moment; time is too precious. If we are not there in five minutes, the lancers will set fire to the barracks."

"Let us be off, then," said the colonel. The adjutant-major strode on before, to hide a broad grin, which his thick moustaches were unable to conceal. Ten paces from the door of the hotel, the lieutenant-colonel, followed by two or three officers, was coming to meet his superior, who, hastening onwards, said, "This is a pretty piece of business, sir. The regiment is in open revolt, and you are not in quarters!"

"Colonel, I assure you——"

"That will do, sir; follow me!"

The distance from the Boule d'Or to the double cavalry barracks is not great; nevertheless, before it was traversed, the colonel found himself surrounded by all the officers of the regiment, so that the staff was complete. As he was doubting whether the officers had not been violently expelled, his eyes were struck by a great glare of light.

"Have the wretches set fire to the barracks?" he exclaimed, hurrying onwards.

"Alas! yes. No doubt they have. We are too late to stop them. Let us see what they are doing."

What Colonel Nip-and-no-joke saw and heard was this. The barracks, four stories high besides the ground floor, the façades of two vast stables encompassing the barrack-yard, and a long range of iron palisading, were completely illuminated from top to bottom. Along the third story of the principal building there runs a cornice about half a yard broad; this cornice was occupied the whole of its length with intrepid lancers holding blazing torches. For an illumination hastily got up, it was splendid. In the barrack-yard, instead of mutinous soldiers, the eight hundred men of the regiment, in admirable order, shouted at the top of their lungs, "Long live Colonel Bougenel!"

On Brigadier Godard's list of friends was an old officer, Lieutenant Poitevin, who marred his own fortunes by an evil habit which gained him the nickname of *Lieutenant Correctif*, because he could never make an observation or express an opinion without correcting, or qualifying, or contradicting it in the very same sentence. But for this inveterate perversion of speech, which drove him to point the end of every thought with the very opposite to its commencement, instead of retiring after thirty-three years' service, covered with scars, on a lieutenant's half-pay, he might perhaps have been a general.

Poitevin was a conscientious soldier in garrison, and a brave one in facing the enemy, but his merits were rendered unavailing to obtain promotion by the peculiar phraseology which stuck to him until it was too late.

Thus, when he rose from a bivouac or stepped into a barrack-room, he would say, "It is very hot to-day; but in reality the air is cold." Or, "It is very cold to-day; but in reality the air is warm." His comrades at first paid but little attention to this curious mode of expressing himself, which, after all, was very harmless; but when he became an officer, it afforded too good a handle to the conferring of a sobriquet, to be lost. One day, at a review of the cavalry regiment in which Grand Godard was serving, he addressed the following words to the men of his platoon: "I am highly satisfied to-day with the condition both of the men and the horses; everything is perfect." And he put spurs to his horse, as if about to report to the captain.

"What! no corrective?" whispered the lancers. "The lieutenant is certainly out of sorts to-day."

"Wait a minute," suggested a non-commissioned officer.

Lieutenant Correctif galloped back, and, suddenly bringing his steed to a stand-still, continued: "I would only suggest to the sub-officers and brigadiers that the belts are very badly whitened."

Another time, he gave his opinion: "In Paris, the bread is excellent; it is a pity that the flour should almost always be mouldy."

As a matter of course, the officer's complaint was catching; in every mouth you heard whimsical phrases, such as, "Our regimental band is capital; only not one of the principal instrumentalists is worth two sous." If a lancer had any fault to find with his horse, "It is a good sort of beast," he would say, "just fit for the knackers." If a brigadier had to punish a man for not taking proper care of his arms, he would remark, "Your pistol is particularly clean, remarkably well kept, but there are more than ten rust-spots on the barrel."

When he was on half-pay, Poitevin was on the point of contracting marriage with a charming widow, who, like himself, resided at Bagnolles. The unlucky lieutenant's habit made it come to nothing. During the publication of the banns, one evening, when he was playing cards at a café, every one congratulated him. "Faith!" he exclaimed, "I believe I have drawn a prize. My bride is about my own age, an orderly person, rich enough to maintain us both, not inconveniently devout, and likely to make an excellent mother. Decidedly, I cannot help being happy."

"Provided there come no qualification," muttered one of his comrades in an under tone.

"Only," immediately added unfortunate Correctif, "one thing annoyed me when I dined with her lately."

"Bah! And what might that be?" inquired his friends in chorus.

"Oh, a mere nothing; but still it vexed me."

"Well, what was it?"

"You must know, then, that my intended has very pretty teeth, pearls of the finest water. As I was admiring them, I took a small nut, and mechanically offering it to her, said, 'My dear Angèle'—her name is Angèle—"I will bet you anything that you cannot, with those lovely instruments, cut this nut in two without crushing it." Angèle changed colour and tossed back her head so violently that it quite stupified me."

"But why the deuce did you want your intended to crack nuts with her teeth?"

"That's the very question I asked myself afterwards. But never mind; I shall be a happy man all the same."

Unluckily for his happiness, there happened to be present in the café a baker, who had vainly made love to the widow; and next morning, when he met her servant, he made the most of the joke that her mistress's fine set of teeth were of no use for cracking nuts. The maid insisted on an explanation, and was in a rage at the implied suspicion; she assembled the gossips (who are as plentiful in Batignolles as in other small provincial towns), and rebutted the accusation so vehemently, that everybody was firmly convinced that Madame Angèle wore false teeth. The charming widow, informed of the calumny by her too zealous servant, felt the more aggrieved, because her teeth, in fact, were very good and very real. She closed her door against Poitevin, who thus received punishment the first for his pitiless qualifications.

Punishment the second came some time afterwards. His regiment was inspected by a lieutenant-general, with whom he had formerly been intimate, and who now treated him with great affability, and invited him to dinner. Alas! and again alas! before the dinner, there was the officers' déjeuner, and then the visit to the café, one of the pleasantest moments of the day. At the café, they chatted about the morning's review and the lieutenant-general's recognition of Poitevin, who received thereon the felicitations of all his friends. Instead of tranquilly accepting which, he must launch out into a long panegyric of his early friend. "What a man! What a brave fellow! When he was only colonel, his soldiers regarded him as a father. Every man would have laid down his life for him."

"Be quiet, Poitevin, do be quiet," whispered an old captain, who foresaw the coming qualification.

"Yes, captain, I understand," continued Poitevin; "but you are aware that nobody can utter a syllable against our worthy inspector."

"Yes, yes; everybody knows it. Only——"

At the fatal word "only," suggested by the captain with the best intentions, to intimate "Only you need not speak so loud"—at that word, the lieutenant's terrible habit got the upper hand, and before any one could stop him, he proceeded at the top of his voice, "Only, there is but a single fault in the whole of his brilliant military career; he never nominates

any one for promotion except the sons of marchionesses and baronesses."

All the officers present, sorry to hear such an indiscreet sally, affected to burst out laughing, in order to smother its effect; others even, to divert attention, began talking loudly as soon as Poitevin had uttered the word "only;" but several waiters and civilians were present.

In the evening, when the unlucky lieutenant was about to quit the lieutenant-general, who had cordially welcomed him to his table, he received, by way of adieu, this stunning address:

"My dear Poitevin, I had intended to have included you on the promotion list, and I could have obtained your appointment to a captaincy; but as you are neither the son of a baroness nor of a marchioness——"

"Fairly hit, general, and without spite or malice," stoically replied poor Lieutenant Correctif, who knew better how to wield and manage his horse and his sabre, than his tongue.

Grand Godard was an excellent soldier, cool and intrepid, circumspect as well as brave in the field, brave as well as wise in garrison and camp; but having attained no higher rank than brigadier after seven years' service, he declined to renew his engagement with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, although flattering inducements were held out to him. He instinctively felt that fortune might have some better prize in store even than a successful military career. Leaving Africa with the intention of going to Paris, he halted on the way in the south of France, to accept a situation as écuyer, or riding-master, in a riding-school for civilians, kept by an ex-cavalry officer, who is ticketed with the name of Bernard. Maria Bernard was tall and dark, with black hair reflecting bluish tints, like a raven's wing; Berthe Bernard was small, fair, and delicate, and had received a distinguished Parisian education. It is difficult to read these descriptions of young heroines without thinking of the qualities assigned to female complexion and stature by the ungallant doggrel, "Long and lazy, little and loud, fair and foolish, dark and proud." Grand Godard's intercourse with the Bernard family became highly romantic, and was terminated abruptly and romantically, by a long though only temporary estrangement; for the story ended happily, as it should do, with a marriage in due form. Grand Godard himself was dark, with big bright black eyes; with this datum I leave constant reader to guess which of the ladies fell to his happy lot. Which would an artist or a dramatist assign to him?

From Provence, Grand Godard really went to Paris, where, for some time, he had no need to take walks to get an appetite; his attempts at authorship procured him such earnings that he had to angle in the Seine for little fish to keep off starvation. On one occasion, a little above Paris, he caught in its hole, by diving, an eel as thick as his arm, which he sold for six francs, which maintained him liberally for six whole days. In Africa he had amused himself at the blacksmith's forge, and fancied he had discovered a new and better mode of tempering steel.

In his distress, the idea occurred to him of selling his discovery, and he proceeded to a gunsmith of repute with a knife of his own manufacture. The gunsmith put the knife into a vice, and with another knife that happened to be lying there deliberately cut the wonderful blade exactly in two. Grand Godard lost his poor knife, and found a friend in need. The old gunsmith took such a liking to him that he received him into partnership, not as a workman, but to keep the books and take a general interest in the concern.

Business went on so prosperously under his management—Godard and Co.'s was such a favourite and popular shop—that when the storm of 1848 began to gather, the old gunsmith declared to his partner that, at their present rate of profits, it would not be long before he would retire.

"Wait a while," replied Grand Godard, who could not help learning from his numerous acquaintances the way in which things were going on. "Wait a little longer, my worthy partner. Unless I am very much mistaken, the gun trade is about to take a wonderful start; and when I have put into execution a scheme which I have long been meditating, I will allow you to retire, as you so well deserve; but it must be into an honourable and opulent retirement."

Grand Godard's expectations were speedily realised; the revolution of February broke out. The gunsmith's shop would have been laid under contribution, as is customary in great popular convulsions, but the African ex-brigadier was too wide awake not to have taken his precautions. The mob had no occasion to break into the shop; it stood wide open, and the windows were completely empty when the first band of insurgents favoured it with a visit. Grand Godard stood at the door.

"My friends," he said, "you have come too late. Your comrades have been beforehand with you, and all they have left me is this long monkala, which I hope you will allow me to retain, seeing that I took it with my own hands from an Arab chief who gave me no more trouble afterwards."

The troop swept on in search of a better chance. Grand Godard, not caring to have to repeat the same explanation all day long, stuck an enormous bill inside the front window (of which he was too wise to put up the shutters), announcing, **ALL OUR ARMS HAVE BEEN GIVEN AND TAKEN AWAY**; and then went and joined his partner in their little parlour.

"Things promise admirably for my grand commercial operation," said Grand Godard, as he entered. "Certainly, it is a pity that so many worthy people, soldiers as well as civilians, should periodically slaughter one another in this way, without knowing why; but I have served my time, and I don't mean to meddle in the matter, except to nurse the wounded, if needs be. Listen, how sharply the firing begins. In any case, we must not neglect business. My scheme is this. Everybody just now carries a gun of some sort or other; after fighting for a

while, there will be a general disarming. Almost all the guns now in the hands of the people are flint guns; and the government which will spring from the revolution will not care to keep arms the majority of which are out of repair, and whose transformation into percussion guns would cost more than the purchase of new ones. I intend, therefore, my dear partner, to buy as many as possible of the arms in question, to take time by the forelock, and get them cheap. I shall then pack them in convenient lots, and take them myself to the best markets on the west coast of Africa."

Accordingly, towards the close of 1848, Grand Godard sailed from Havre in a fine vessel, a quarter of which he had freighted himself; and on the 1st of March, 1850, he brought back to his old partner, who had remained firm at his post, the sum of four hundred thousand francs (16,000*l.*), the net profit of his adventurous expedition, during which he had been constantly favoured by lucky chances, and which he had pursued regardless of sun-stroke, poisoned arrows, and yellow fevers.

Four hundred thousand francs sound very fine, and to possess them is doubtless a very fine thing; but, O Grand Godard, to whom did you sell your quarter of a shipload of damaged flint-guns? And to what uses did the purchasers put them? Were they bought by European settlers for self-defence, the destruction of destructive animals, and the legitimate capture of lawful game? Or were they bought up by brutal savages, hunters of men, who would turn the worn-out muskets to the employment of driving together hordes of human prey, for the supply of the Cuban and Carolinian markets? If such were really the case, although Vespasian said that money never smelt ill, the four hundred thousand francs might be bought too dear. If Grand Godard abetted the slave trade only indirectly, methinks that, with a lighter pocket, he would have a lighter load upon his conscience. However, he was a gunsmith; his business was to sell guns; it was not his business to inquire what became of them afterwards. And perhaps, after all, Grand Godard is only a plausible myth.

DRIFT.

A TRAGEDY OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

THOSE who remember the rickety predecessor of that symmetrical and massive structure which now crosses the Thames between King William-street and the Borough, are not yet among our "oldest inhabitants." But only from the descriptions of chroniclers, and from quaint engravings, can we form a picture of the bridge as it stood in the middle ages—its twenty stone arches, built upon wooden piles, "compact and joined with vaults and cellars," as Stow tells us—its central drawbridge, its houses on either side, its chapel and terminal towers. The rude construction and contracted span of the arches so intensified the force of the

current as to render "shooting the bridge" by small boats a hazardous feat of skill at all times—a certain leap into destruction not unfrequently. The following translated record of an inquest upon one victim to the bad engineering of our ancestors may deepen the reader's gratitude to Rennie and Brunel.

The document is interesting in another way, as showing the pitch of elaboration at which our legal machinery had arrived in the reign of Henry the Fourth. The narrative of the circumstances hereunder detailed was held to be a piece of evidence essential to a proof of age put forward by Lord de Roos. The victim in question stood in no nearer relation to that young nobleman than godfather! It may be mentioned that the Thomas Chaucer who acted as coroner on the occasion was a son of the great poet.

"On Monday the first day of November in the eighth year of the reign of King Henry, after the Conquest the Fourth, Geoffrey Brook, and Nicholas Wotton, Sheriffs of the City of London, and Thomas Chaucer, Chief Butler and Chief Coroner of our Lord the King in the same City, were given to understand that one Sir Thomas Kempston, Knight, lay dead in the parish of All Saints, in the ward of Dowgate, London—that is to say, upon the wharf called Yerdeshwarfe. And the same Sheriffs and Coroner, proceeding to the place aforesaid, found there the body of the aforesaid Thomas lying dead, of other than a natural death, as they were previously informed. Upon which view the aforesaid Sheriffs and Coroner caused to come before them twelve good and lawful men of the aforesaid ward and the three other nearest wards, according to the usage and custom of the City aforesaid, that is to say, by the oath, &c.

"And which Jurors say, that Thomas Kempston there lying dead, on Sunday, the last day of October, in the year abovesaid, at Powles Wharff, in the Ward of Castle Baynard, did enter into a certain boat there, with his servants, to be rowed towards the Tower of London, under the bridge of the City aforesaid. And at the time when the same Thomas was so rowed in the boat aforesaid with his servants, the current of the stream set strongly against them—Wherefore the attendants of the said boat, called botemen, told the same Thomas that they dared not row or steer the said boat under the aforesaid bridge, for dread of the said current, and the buffeting of the wind. And the same Thomas commanded them to steer him under the bridge aforesaid, on pain of losing their heads. And as the same attendants rowed the said boat under the said bridge—in spite of their teeth—it chanced that the said boat lurched towards one of the piles of the said bridge. And the said Thomas, thereby perceiving that he was in peril, put out his hand against the said pile—by means of which movement of his hand it befell that the said boat upset, and turned keel uppermost. And so the said Thomas and his servants were there submerged in the water—whereby the same Thomas being there submerged took his death.

And the Jurors aforesaid further say that the same Thomas occasioned and was the cause of his aforesaid death."

CROSS ROADS.

They grew together in the old grey hall
Whose antique turrets pierced a heaven of leaves,
They ran together at one father's call,
And raised one prayer on calm religious eves.

Beauty was theirs in common, such as earth
Can rarely reckon in her fading things;
A glory lit their tears, and in their mirth
There seemed the music of translucent springs.

But Time, that holds the helm of circumstance,
And shapes the silent courses of the heart,
Shut up the volume of their young romance,
And cast their lives and actions far apart.

One sought the gilded world, and there became
A being fit to startle and surprise,
Till men caught up the echo of her name,
And fell beneath the magic of her eyes.

For some had perished in her stern neglect,
Fell on the sword of their own hope and died,
While she in triumph scornfully erect
Swept o'er their ashes with the skirts of pride.

And so, pursuing on from year to year
The cultivation of a cruel skill,
She reigned the despot of her hollow sphere,
And conquered hearts to break them at her will.

But now the other with a happier choice
Dwelt 'mong the breezes of her native fields,
Laughed with the brooks, and saw the flowers rejoice,
Brim'd with all blessings that the summer yields.

Like sleep or peace, in dark afflictions place
She smoothed the furrows on the front of care,
Filled with the glory of a soothing face
The howling dens and caverns of despair.

And pure as morn sent forth her fair white hand,
Bearing a blessing on from door to door,
Till like a new-born light across the land
Her heart's large love went brightening evermore!

And when again their diverse earthly ways
At last, through time and circumstance, were crost,
One looking backward saw sweet tranquil days,
And one, a feverish lifetime sadly lost.

AMERICAN "SENSATIONS."

DURING my visit to America I lived through several "sensations." I arrived just as the "Japanese" sensation was dying reluctantly and sullenly out. I lived through "the Blondin" and "the Prince of Wales" sensations, and the "Wideawake sensation" was in full bloom before I set my foot on the gangway of my home-bound steamer.

But the sensation that immediately preceded my arrival in the new country was not "the Japanese" but "the Heenan." Telegraph wires were busy flashing across the continent, from the shores of the Hudson to the banks of the Rio Grande, exultations about the supposed victory of the American champion. The army of the Israelites could not have rolled and roared more hoarse triumph when David smote the giant of Gath, than did the people of New York at the news of this drawn battle. Every face in Wall-street brightened as

if shares were rising; the papers were full of violent and exaggerated versions of the international duel; Wilkes's paper (the *Bell's Life of America*) declared that American yachts had beaten English yachts, that American horses had out-trotted English horses, and that now an American prize-fighter had beaten an English pugilist. They went on to say that the English backers of Sayers, finding him defeated, had broken the ring and stopped the fight, and that in another round Sayers would have been (yes, sir) crushed by the uninjured Heenan. The *New York Herald* outcrowded them all; it took a higher stand on a loftier hill, commanding a wider view of life and humanity. It discussed the fight as a contest between the two nations, as a competitive comparison and struggle between the New and the Old World, between two rival races. At the end, after wonderful swoops of rhetoric, it described the English Lion as well whipped and slinking off with its tail between its legs. In vain I everywhere described Heenan as nearly blind and Sayers by no means exhausted, while at the same time I confessed Heenan's superiority from his youth and height. I might as well have tried to twist a rope out of cobwebs; I was set down as an intolerant Englishman, who would not admit an undoubted victory. And shortly afterwards, an exhibition opened in Broadway, of

**"HEENAN'S FIGHTING-BOOTS.—ADMISSION,
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS."**

The boots were a "sensation," and drew wonderfully.

The "Japanese sensation," which had spread through New York like fire in a haystack, arose from the visit of the Japanese ambassadors to America. Portraits of those Tartar-eyed ambassadors stared from every shop. There were Sing-Song, and Ching-Chang, and Yang-Fou, and Fou-Yang, and, above all, "Little Tommy" the interpreter—the special ladies' man of the embassy—who was to open up Japan to American commerce. Their strange hats, their enormously wide sabres, their flowered silk robes, their many-soled shoes, were the talk and wonder of weeks. The shopkeepers advertised Japanese ribbons, Japanese sauces, Japanese cloaks, Japanese warming-pans, Japanese mouse-traps, and Japanese candy. The flock of sheep that in every nation constitutes the bulk of society, talked Japanese, ate and dreamed and thought of nothing but Japanese. The ambassadors, however, unfortunately were got hold of by some disreputable New York common-council men, who led them about, chose their friends, directed their amusements, and made their purchases; the result of which was, that their visit to New York ended with a ball that was so crowded with rowdies, prize-fighters, the fancy, and the disreputable, that no respectable person would remain in the rooms. It was, in fact, the talk and scandal of the whole of the codfish aristocracy, the upper crust oligarchy, and the upper ten thousand generally. Not that Sing-Song, Chow-Foo, and Co. in the

least discovered their mistake, but believed that, guided by the cream of fashion and the flower of society, they had closed a brilliant diplomatic career by a tableau at once astonishing and dazzling to all New York. So, in unsavoury snuff, burnt out the great "Japanese sensation."

These sensations are epidemic; they run through the whole community, from abolitionist to slave-dealer. Some catch it slightly, others suffer from it cruelly; generally speaking, it is a short quick fever that burns rapidly through the community, is the dominant talk of the hour, and is then forgotten. Now, it is theatrical, and Rosencrantz Buster, the great tragedian, is coming back to the stage, and will appear next week at Niblo's Winter Garden in Broadway; then box-tickets are put up for auction, and people sneak and shuffle and entreat, all to get a seat. Now, it is an international dog-fight, and the papers write as if Abe Lincoln and Lord Palmerston were going to fight blindfold with rapier and dagger in a saw-pit, to decide which country should be subject to the other. We at home have our insanities, but I think the Americans run madder, and suffer oftener.

Sometimes in my travelling I came on the ashes of a "sensation," sometimes only on its mummy. I found in some cities stagnant exhibitions of extinct, obsolete, unsuccessful sensations—sensations that had not only missed winning the cup, but had now gone dead lame, and were fit for nothing but dogs'-meat. Among these I particularly remember at Philadelphia an aerial ship—a sort of flattened balloon, with paddles, flappers, and all sorts of absurd appendages, and which I really believe I saw in a London show-room as long ago as I could walk alone—it was still always threatening to "go up," and was as constantly postponing that intention, on account of the rapid advance of the "unusually early and inclement winter season."

Perhaps, not being much deeper in science than kaleidoscopes, and wonderful experiments with double sight after dinner parties, I am unjust in classing among mere "sensations" the wonderful "cigar-boat" of the rich German amateur ship-builders of Baltimore. This is now the current sensation of American merchants. It is the result, they say, of years of daring experiments, and is to effect a great revolution in the shape of vessels. It is called the "cigar-boat" because it is the exact shape of a long cigar—round, the deck narrow, the two ends pointed, the motive power (I believe) a screw, working, in some way, in the centre of the vessel, through which it revolves its blades. I was assured that the vessel had lately been tried in dirty weather, well out at sea, and that it proved "a regular ripper," totting off thirty miles an hour, with power to add to the number. It was gravely calculated that this cigar-boat could weather any storm, and that it would make the trip to England in about five days, or less. There was no motion on board, it shipped no seas, and my sensational informant calculated that its speed would pretty considerably astonish us Britishers.

An eager desire of improvement is one of the most hopeful and noble qualities of the American mind; but, like all other virtues, it has its unripe and sour side. Out of the enormous number of patents registered every year in that noble building in Washington, "the Patent Office," a large proportion are for absurd and chimerical purposes. I will not declare that I have not seen patents for shelling peas and picking fowls. The great incitement to invention in America is the necessity of economising labour. Labourers are dear, because labourers are scarce. Hence the washing and mangling machines—the machines for paring apples and brushing clothes—the wheels and pulleys to draw corks, and to toast cheese.

At New York I was the spectator of an amusing instance of short-lived "sensation." One day when I went into William-street to see my friend, Mr. Ezra Doggerbank, a South American merchant, I found that amiable man, with his feet much higher than his head, rocking himself as if he were a sleepless baby, and reading the *Daily Stinger*.

"Well, I guess," said he, "you'd better go right off and pay your twenty-five cents to see this Frenchman kill himself in the Knickerbocker Gardens."

"Go and see a Frenchman kill himself! What do you mean, Mr. Doggerbank?" said I, innocent of my American friend's meaning.

The merchant then (biting his cigar as if it wanted to escape) proceeded to tell me that the *Stinger* announced that at two o'clock that day Monsieur Horace Goujat would ascend from the Knickerbocker Gardens in a thin paper balloon, filled with hot air—an experiment never made since the days of Mongolfier, the original inventor of the balloon. The *Stinger* then got quite learned (what a blessing to *Stingers* cheap encyclopedias are!), and gave a long jumbled list of horrible balloon accidents, and ended by entreating all its (the *Stinger's*) readers to go and venture their twenty-five cents, as there could be no doubt the brave Frenchman would perish in the attempt. Here the *Stinger* became classical, and quoted a line of Latin *Delectus* about the fate of Phaeton.

I left Mr. Doggerbank apparently trying to stand on his head in his rocking-chair, and at a distance looking as if he were balancing the mantelpiece on his toes, and hurried to the Knickerbocker Gardens—not from any morbid desire to see a hairbrained egotist throw away his life, but rather to observe how the New Yorkers would view the matter.

The street cars were full—there was a crowd setting in for the Gardens. I felt rather guilty in being one of them; but temporised with myself to the effect that my stopping away would not have hindered the performance, that I was a solitary stranger here, and was influencing no one by my example.

I pay my twenty-five cents at the wicket, receive my ticket, and pass on. The crowd is talking of the danger of the attempt.

"Certain death, mister," says a greasy-haired

rowdy before me: licking his yellow lips, as a vulture would grind his beak.

I follow the crowd down a winding walk to a space towards which all the other shady walks seem to centre. I find under a horizontal rigging arranged for rope-dancing, a circular enclosure surrounded by a rude paling, round which some two or three hundred seedy readers of the *Stinger* are congregated. Inside the enclosure are two or three New York policemen in large flat shakos and blue frock-coats, the French *aéronaut*, and several assistants. The balloon itself, folded in flat square sections, depends from the rope line that stretches some forty feet overhead. It was constructed of that thin brown Manilla paper which tradesmen use for their finer parcels—not strong grocery paper. Below, within the circus, are a bottle, and a tub full of straw; and that large wicker washing-basket, says somebody, is the car.

A balloon of frail structure, the reader says to himself, but of course of equable texture, carefully looked over, and with all dangerous flaws patched up or strengthened?

Not a bit of it. Why the Frenchman, that little swarthy apish man in the shirt-sleeves and white trousers, is actually now, ten minutes before he ascends, standing on two boxes looking over the vast area of paper, and stopping flaws with patches of pasted paper! Already, in five minutes, I have seen him caulk a dozen holes, and any one of these would have cost him his life. The myrmidons with the rope, keep lowering it and raising the balloon as he alternately wants fresh folds to examine, or wishes removed what he has already inspected.

Now, this being nearly completed, the brass-band march in and take their places with mechanical joyfulness and triumph. If the whole town council of New York were, in Japanese emulation, to perform *The Happy Despatch* before the very eyes of that brass band, I don't think it would rouse or excite that imperturbable body of performers.

Now, they have paid out yards and yards of those paper folds, and the balloon may be raised ready for inflation. Creek goes the rope, up rustle the bales of paper; now the air-ship is erect, and begins slowly to feel the wind breathing within it—now it slowly widens and dilates—now it shakes forth its loose reefs, and globes out.

There is a sort of unrestrainable murmur of approval given by us, as if the balloon were a voluntary agent, and had done a really clever thing. The Frenchman, who has been hitherto perfectly self-collected, but very bustling (as little people always seem to me chronically to be), performs some preparatory experiments.

He produces some paper balloons; to one of them he ties a small tin tray full of spirits of wine. This he lights, and, swift as a bubble in a long champagne-glass, up goes the little fire-ship. Away over the tall trees it skims, far, far away to the south, burning tranquilly like a floating beacon in the wind-swept blue. Another buzz; the fire balloon has behaved most creditably, and

deserves applause. Gay precursor of suicide! Notable pioneer of death! But why lingers the Frenchman? Have we not all paid our twenty-five cents to see him die, and does the Gaul dare to hesitate?

No; he is but sending up another pioneer balloon to see which way the wind blows. It is all safe; the wind blows in from the Hudson towards the land. He will not be carried to sea, so the Atlantic will have one victim the less. His course will be inland. Some tree-top will then catch him, or he will beat out his brains against some warehouse roof.

The wind is high, but it blows the right way. It is rather late in the year for balloon experiments, somebody in the crowd says, regretfully; but if the breeze does not quicken, it is still a reasonably good day for an ascent.

Now, the Frenchman runs about in the ring like a newly-caught mouse in a cage-trap, and prepares for the great moment. The balloon sways and bellies in the wind; it strains, and drags, and struggles, like a greyhound pulling at a leash; it is eager to rise into its own element; it disdains the earth, for it was made for the air alone.

Now, under the open neck of it, the Frenchman and his partners drag the barrel of straw, and close at hand the wicker car is placed, with its long cords ready to be attached. Excitement becomes painfully intense. The assistants drag at the foot ropes that hold the swaying balloon still tied fast at the top to the rope-dancer's horizontal cord. The Frenchman, with a light, disappears inside the balloon, the neck of which is placed over the orifice of the tub which contains the lighted straw. The hot air from this straw will inflate the balloon, and render it as buoyant as gas. When full, the orifice will be tied up and the car attached. What is to become of the French Icarus when the heated air escapes? I find no one who can inform me; but the American rowdy has no thought of the future or the past; he lives entirely in the present.

The balloon fills fast, its paper sides grow tense, the ropes are taut; it will be in three minutes, somebody says, fit to cork up. Even the smiling policemen are now busy in a brotherly way, hauling or tugging on detentive ropes. Suddenly, from inside the tent comes the voice of the agitated Frenchman: "Fire! fire! get to me some water! Vite, vite, water! give me!"

Instantly an over-zealous policeman dashes a pail of water over the part of the balloon nearest to him, and it breaks through like blotting-paper.

There is an angry laugh in the crowd, as if the whole thing were a trick. The Frenchman emerges, pale, stern, and frightened, and sets to work with paste and paper to patch up the large area of damaged surface. He explains that the inside of the balloon was not on fire, but that it was so heated that he feared it would ignite, upon which he called out "water," and the policeman, thinking it was on fire, instead of

handing in the water, dashed it on the outside paper.

But the people are not satisfied.

"He never meant to go up at all," says one.

"Thunder!" says another, "if I haven't a good mind to go in and squash the darned bladder altogether."

"Let's sail in," says an ugly customer, who seems inclined to join in a row.

In vain the band struck up, for at that moment some rascal cut the rope, and down came fifty feet of paper in a rustling avalanche on the Frenchman and his loquacious assistants. Then a hearty laugh broke from the crowd, and all their anger melted in a moment.

I really pitied the poor French Belphegor, as, heedless of the crowd's anger, he knelt over the hill of torn wet smoky paper, trying to drag it into shape, and still patch it up for departure into space. Never was a man more vexed and hurt at Providence for not being allowed to throw his poor little life away.

But one of his assistants, a lean blackleg-looking man, will not let the moment of good humour pass again into anger.

"Money, money," cry several voices.

The lean man leaps upon a table (an American is always ready to make a public speech, even if he has only got one listener, and that listener stone deaf):

"Fellow-citizens! I guess you are all right-down disappointed at this balloon not going up. I can assure you no one is more disappointed than this brave bully boy, my friend Monsoo Goujat, who has a bet of seven hundred dollars depending on this very ascent; but the wind is too high, I tell you, fellow-citizens, and this accident now will prevent the ascent this afternoon. It will be necessary to cover the lower ten feet of the balloon with canvas or some unflammable substance. But don't you listen, fellow-citizens, to anything any one says, for this bully boy would go up now if we would let him; but we won't—no, sirce—we won't."

(Frenchman stamped and made a gesture of impatience and un subdued will.)

"The ascent will, therefore, take place on this same spot (weather permitting) next Wednesday, at two o'clock, and Monsoo Goujat, to convince you of the certainty of that ascent, will order your money to be returned to you at the gate, where those who wish it may receive instead, tickets for admission next Wednesday." (Cheers.)

I suppose the weather did not permit, for I looked in Wednesday's Stinger and saw no mention of the paper balloon. I left for England soon after, so do not know whether my resolute French friend, Monsieur Icarus, ever ventured upon his daring flight.

Election or Bunkum speeches are a large class of American sensations. They are spoken in the House of Representatives, or on the Mississippi wharf, while the steam-boat is stopping for passengers. They are full of the most extravagant metaphors and the most startling oddities. I cannot refrain from quoting one of the best I ever read—a speech ac-

tually delivered in serious earnest, and on an important question, too—General Riley's speech, in the Missouri House of Representatives, February 8, 1861. It will show how utterly unlike are the ideas of oratory in England and America:

After a long and heated discussion on the reference of a bill amending the charter of the City of Carondelet to a standing Committee of the House,

Mr. Riley obtained the floor, and addressed the House:

Mr. Speaker,—Everybody is a pitching into this matter like toad frogs into a willow swamp, on a lovely evening in the balmy month of June, when the mellow light of the full moon fills with a delicious flood the thin, ethereal atmospheric air. [Applause.] Sir, I want to put in a word, or perhaps a word and half.

There seems to be a disposition to fight. I say, if there is any fighting to be done, come on with your corn-cobs and lightning-bugs! [Applause.]

Now, there has been a great deal of bombast here to-day. I call it bombast from "Alpha" to "Omega." Sir, the question to refer, is a great and magnificent question. It is the all-absorbing question—like a sponge, Sir—a large unmeasurable sponge, of globe shape, in a small tumbler of water—it sucks up everything. Sir, the debate has assumed a latitudinosity. We have had a little black-jack buncombe, a little two-bit buncombe, bombast buncombe, bung-hole buncombe, and the devil and his grandmother knows what other kind of buncombe. [Laughter.]

Why, Sir, just give some of 'em a little Southern soap and a little Northern water, and quicker than a hound pup can lick a skillet they will make enough buncombe-lather to wash the golden flock that roams abroad the azure meads of heaven. [Cheers and laughter.] I allude to the starry firmament.

The Speaker.—The gentleman is out of order. He must confine himself to the question.

Mr. Riley.—I'll stick to the text as close as a pitch plaster to a pine plank, or a lean pig to a hot jam rock. [Cries of "Go on!" "You'll do!"]

I want to say to these carboniferous gentlemen, these igneous individuals, these detonating demonstrators, these peregrinous volcanoes, come on with your combustibles! If I don't—well, I'll suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose quill. [Laughter and applause.] Perhaps you think I am diminutive tubers and sparse in the mundane elevation. In the language of the noble bard—

"I was not born in a thicket

To be scared by a cricket." [Applause.]

Sir, we have lost our proper position. Our proper position is to the zenith and nadir—our heads to the one, our heels to the other, at right angle with the horizon, spanned by that azure arc of the lustrous firmament, bright with the corruscations of innumerable constellations, and proud as a speckled stud-horse on a county-court day. [Cheers.]

"But how have the mighty fallen!" in the language of the poet Silversmith. We have lost our proper position. We have assumed a sloshindicular or a diagonological position. And what is the cause? Echo answers, "Buncombe," Sir, "Buncombe." The people have fed on buncombe, while a lot of spavined, ringboned, hamstrung, wind-galled, swine-eyed, split-hoofed, distempered, poll-evil'd, pot-bellied politicians have had their noses in the public crib until there ain't fodder enough left to make a gruel for a sick grasshopper. [Cheers and laughter.]

Sir, do they think they can stuff such buncombe

down our craw? No, Sir; you might as well try to stuff butter in a wild cat with a hot awl. [Continued laughter.] The thing can't be done.

The public grindstone is a great institution, Sir—yes, Sir, a great institution—one of the greatest, perhaps, that ever rose, reigned, or fell. But, Sir, there is too much private cutlery ground. The thing won't pay. Occasionally a big axe is brought to be fixed up, ostensibly for the purpose of hewing down the gnarled trunks of error and clearing out the brushwood of ignorance and folly that obstruct the public highway of progress. The machine whirrs; the axe is applied. The lookers-on are enchanted with the brilliant sparks elicited. The tool is polished, keenly edged; and, while the public stare in gaping expectancy of seeing the road cleared, the implement is slyly taken off to improve the private acres of some "faithful friend of the people."

What is the result? The obstructions remain unmoved. The people curse because the car lags—or, if it does move, 'tis at the expense of a broken wheel and jaded and sore-backed team. I tell you the thing won't pay. The time will come when the nasal promontories of these disinterested grinders will be put to the stone, instead of their hardware. [Applause.] I am mighty afraid the machine is a going to stop. The grease is giving out thundering fast. It is beginning to creak on its axis. Gentlemen, it is my private opinion, confidentially expressed, that all the "grit" is pretty near worn off. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, you must excuse me for my latitudinosity and circumlocutorness. My old blunderbuss scatters amazingly, but if anybody gets peppered, it ain't my fault if they are in the way.

Sir, these candidal, supersquirtical, mahogany-faced gentry—what do they know about the blessings of freedom? About as much, Sir, as a toad-frog does of high glory. Do they think they can escape me? I'll follow them through pandemonium and high water! [Cheers and laughter.]

These are the ones that have got our liberty-pole off its perpendicularity. 'Tis they who would rend the stars and stripes—that noble flag, the blood of our revolutionary fathers embalmed in its red. The purity of the cause for which they died—denoted by the white and blue—the freedom they attained, like the azure air that wraps their native hills and lingers on their lovely plains. [Cheers.] The high bird of liberty sits perched on the topmost branch, but there is no secession salt on his glorious tail. I fear he will no more spread his noble pinions to soar beyond the azure regions of the boreal pole. But let not Missouri pull the last feather from his sheltering wing, to plume a shaft to pierce his noble breast; or, what is the same, make a pen to sign a secession ordinance. [Applause.] Also, poor bird, if they drive you from the branches of the hemlock of the North, and the palmetto of the South, come over to the gum-tree of the West, and we will protect your noble birdship, while water grows and grass runs. [Immense applause.] Mr. Speaker, I subside for the present.

Now, this speech, extracted from the New York Tribune of only a month ago, was not meant as a joke; it was a serious impassioned speech, coloured with that peculiar tone of exaggerated humour which has become naturalised in America. But it was addressed to simple people of no very great education, who understood the Rabelaisque jargon. Only the other day, at one of the local Houses of Representatives, an ex-member was brought a glass of egg-nogg, in

which he drank the health of the House. Then somebody got up and proposed "glasses round," and a third speaker rose to know if this was a private or a general treat? Of course, this all seems very shocking to gentlemen of classical education, who merely crow like cocks to silence obnoxious speakers.

When the Prince of Wales was a "sensation," the American papers went into the most absurd particulars of his wardrobe, wrote leaders on what number of gloves he wore, and lamented his too general use of "aerated drinks" (soda-water is not common in America), and which they described as so baleful to the English aristocracy. The papers swarmed with this sort of paragraph:

The rumour, circulated with very bad taste, that the Prince danced at Cincinnati with Miss Susan Denin, and waltzed at Boston with Mrs. Florence, is a rosy fiction, as is the sequel of those ladies having next day received a handsome present from some mysterious hand.

There was a story in one of the comic papers, of a rich New York merchant at the great city ball pulling the Prince from a pretty nameless girl and introducing him to his wife, a vulgar Irish giantess, with these words: "Say, perhaps your lordship would like to dance with Mrs. S——; she's a most agreeable partner, and she's got twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewellery on her."

The Chicago Zouaves were the last "volunteer sensation" in my time. The young men met, talked of nothing but the elastic vigour of the Zouaves, their endurance, their tiger-cat leaps, their gymnastic courage, their steel and leather limbs, and their powers of bearing fatigue.

I do not know how long this "sensation" would have lasted had not the "Blondin" sensation suddenly cancelled and superseded it. The papers had a new topic. They now daily discussed Blondin's dress and diet, the birth-place of his great-grandfather, the causes that led him to mount the rope, and the various vows and resolutions he had made as to future feats.

ON TAILS.

IN one form or another, the tail is a member of universal, or almost universal, occurrence throughout the whole range of animated existence. If we leave out the lower families of living forms embraced in the radiated and molluscan types, and in the insects—for the thread-like appendages resembling pine leaves which some of the latter have are not true tails—we find this protean member playing a most active and conspicuous part in almost every animal, be it mammal, bird, fish, or reptile. Nor is the part it plays conspicuous and active only: it is often highly ornamental, often highly useful, often a feature of the first necessity. It has great physiognomical expression, and seems to have been considered an essential feature of the animal frame; for in multitudes of instances we

find it preserved in animals, such as the tortoise and pig, to which, as far as we can discern, it is neither ornamental nor useful. Some physiologists even recognise the rudiments of a tail in the coccygeal vertebrae of the human race; just as in the so-called wingless birds, the wing-bones are found to exist in an undeveloped state. Indeed, we are not without accounts of the existence of tailed negroes in Eastern Africa; but the wearers of these appendages have not been produced as yet.

Some form of tail has existed through all the ages with which geological investigation has made us acquainted. The ancient trilobites had often caudal spines and pointed appendages, as has the modern limuli, which are among their nearest analogues. The "old-fashioned fishes" of the subcarboniferous rocks had tails, as well as their modern representatives, though of a somewhat peculiar type, the vertebral column being prolonged into the upper lobe of the tail, which was longer than the lower. This "heterocercal" form was the prevailing style in which tails were worn until after the period of the Oolite, that misty mid-region of the geological dark ages, after which tails of the "homocercal," or equally-lobed, form came into vogue, and are now almost the universal rule. Thus we see that a peculiar form of this member becomes a characteristic of geological time, and has a significance not unworthy of the attention bestowed on it by Agassiz.

But passing over for the present the scientific value and practical use of the tail, let us regard first its capacity and character for ornament and physiognomical expression, taking, as the example most familiar, the tail of the horse.

The grace and dignity of this form of the tail, as well as the peculiar beauty of its material, have procured for it a partial exemption from the contempt which has fallen on most of its family. From the remotest antiquity it has been borne as a standard before armies, and alike from the turban of the sheik and the helmet of the cuirassier "has braved, a thousand years, the battle and the breeze." The tail of the ostrich has been no more universal ornament for the head of the fair than the tail of the horse has been for the head of the brave. In this capacity it has flaunted from the pyramids of Egypt to the minarets of Lucknow, and at this day dangles beside the beards and moustaches of tough troopers of every clime. The Ottoman soldier bopes for no higher dignity than the pachalic, which entitles him to be preceded in ceremonious procession by three such official emblems; and among the trophies which hang high in the Invalides of Paris and the arsenal of Venice, are horse-tail standards captured in desperate battle with Turk or Algerine.

Somewhat disguised by artificial curlings, the horse's tail has long covered the head of the judge on the bench, and, in the wig of the Chancellor, added dignity to the debates of the most august of senates. From these high callings it has to some extent fallen when its material forms the covering of furniture how-

ever costly, or, when furtively plucked from its native spot by schoolboy fingers, it is turned into the juvenile angler's line—though the latter use we deem not ignoble when we remember how highly prized was our horse-hair tackle of old, first in the inventory of all our property, and mourned, when lost on a log in the bottom of an eddying trout stream, with our sincerest sorrow. Nor is it to be thought degraded—rather the reverse—when, bound to the magic bow of a Paganini or an Ole Bull, it

Untwisteth all the cords that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;

or, when drawn by fairy fingers with nimble needle through silken fabrics, it has formed embroidery which any lady might covet. The horse's tail, in short, has attained in many ways to more honour than sits on the hair of most heads.

To appreciate, however, its perfection in its native ornamental capacity, look at the horse as nature made him and gentlemen ride him, and then as jockeys transform him, and livery-stable keepers let him on hire. All grace vanished, the waving line of beauty destroyed, the docked and set-up tail of the hack is eloquent of his degradation. What the moustaches and imperial of the snob are when compared with the beard of Jupiter or Moses, is the bob-tail of the horse driven by a snob in Rotten-row, when compared with the waving switch of the barb ridden by the descendant of Ishmael on the shores of the Red Sea. A character remarks in one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels, that whenever a lady has to choose a horse, she always selects a horse with the longest tail.

Look, now, at another variety of the tail—that which appertains to the lordly lion. Not altogether unlike is it to those of the bovine family, inasmuch as it is a bare, tapering, vertebral prolongation, with a tuft at the tip. The tail of the ox, when a hundred are whisking at once over the backs of a dense drove, has a somewhat picturesque air; and the same member, when lashing the brindled flanks of the square-browed leader of the herd, rises into decided dignity. So Childe Harold saw him at the bull-fight in Seville:

Here—there—he turns his threatening front to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail—red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Yet the tail of the lion has a quiet self-possession and dignity in its motion, which make it a fit sceptre for the monarch of the desert. Whether trailing in the sand as its illustrious predecessor crouches in ambush for the giraffe, or streaming meteor-like on the troubled air in the deadly bound, it is ever the tail of a lion, fit companion for the mane and talons, broad front and powerful muscles, with which it is associated.

And how different in air and character are the tails of the less noble feline races! Regard those of the leopard or tiger, those long, cylindrical, snaky rolls of fur, pliant, twisting, coiling; so fitly associated with half-mild, half-ferocious casts of features, and peering diagonal

eyes, and, equally with these, evincing to the physiognomist a nature formed for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and expressing cruelty, foppishness, and insincerity.

In the most familiar of the feline races we can observe the expression of the tail change as its owner outgrows its early innocence and develops its treacherous and catfish nature. Notice the tail of the nursing kitten, before the blood of mice has reddened its incipient whiskers. There is no deceit nor malice in it; it is carried about honestly, bolt-upright, rigid, or oscillating in a paroxysm of fun. As the kitten becomes a cat, the tail changes; it lengthens and limbers, droops and bends, until, as the mature puss sneaks round the chicken-coop, or prowls in the larder, its air and motions betray all the guile of her nature. In the veteran mouser it varies as content or passion bears sway. Purring in your lap, puss waves it coquettishly or droops it in drowsy satisfaction. But the same tail, when its proprietor is cornered by your terrier, becomes a thick club on which each particular hair stands on end as if electrified with anger.

In significance, however, all tails yield to that of the dog. Endless in its variety, from the sweeping train of the Newfoundland to the long naked whip of the greyhound, or the stiff wisp of the terrier, its expressive curves and motions ever harmonise with its owner's feelings, from the brisk, animated flourish of the setter, as the gun is taken a-field, to the miserable droop or reversed curve of the beaten hound. Living illustrations worthy of study are to be found in every street. Hardly any two canine extremities alike, or any one which presents the same character and expression for five minutes together.

Among the families of birds, every child will select the peacock as the glorified exemplar of ornamental tail. Nothing certainly can be more splendid than this gorgeous circle of green and gold, though it is not really a tail, but a train of long feathers growing from the back, the true tail being beneath, and serving only as a support to this overshadowing splendour. The kindred tribes of pheasants and turkeys, however, display a similar though plainer show, made of true tail-feathers. The bird of paradise, the willow-finch, the domestic cock, and many other examples may be readily called to mind, showing how far both the grace of form and the beauty of plumage are dependent on this part of the organisation of birds.

But enough of tails in their ornamental and expressive aspect: let us turn to their practical use, and look at the part they play in the animal economy. In this some caution is necessary, lest we adopt some of the romantic fictions which have found their way into grave treatises of natural history, some with so much colour of truth as to make the separation of fact and falsehood as difficult as was the task of Niebuhr in deciding on the credibility of early Roman history.

We may, in the exercise of this discrimination, reject the story how the fox makes of his tail a

fishing-rod and line, though it be told circumstantially and on the authority of a bishop—the learned Pontoppidan—of Norway. He narrates how Reynard places himself on a stone at the edge of a fiord, and drops his bushy tail in the shallow brine. To it are attracted the crabs which prowl among the pebbles and seaweed, and, as they fasten their claws in his hair, the cunning animal, by a sudden reversal of his position, casts them out upon dry land, and makes a capital breakfast.

Another narrative, which originated with Dampier, and has the sanction of many repetitions, we may brand as untrustworthy, while we tell it for its excellence as an invention. When certain monkeys of South America come, in their woodland migrations, to a river too wide to be taken at a leap, they seek a point where two tall trees stand on the opposite banks. Round the overhanging bough of one the stoutest monkey coils his tail, and, thereby pendent, head downward, grasps in his paws the tail of monkey number two. The latter does the same by monkey number three, and so on, till a pendent chain is formed, when they begin to swing in longer and longer sweeps until the final monkey can catch, when at the end of his arc of motion, a projecting limb of the opposite tree. Then he climbs up until he has a good point d'appui, and, monkey number one letting go his hold of the first tree, the chain swings across, and all scramble up each other in reversed order, and go on their way rejoicing.

We should also at least suspend giving full credence to the story how the rat makes of his wiry appendix, on special occasions, a draught-chain or tow-line. Yet we are assured that once, in Scotland, a thrifty laird, finding his store of eggs diminish, watched to see how the thieves could carry them away. He saw three rats go together to the pile of eggs, when, one turning on his back, the others rolled an egg upon him, which he clasped safely to his bosom, and his companions, taking his tail carefully in their mouths, started off like a team drawing a sledge, and disappeared behind some barrels which were the outer fortifications of their castle.

Another story of rats' tails is more credible, hovering on the verge between myth and sober verity. This time it was a Frenchman, whose oil wasted unaccountably, although the narrow neck of his flask had seemed a sufficient security against depredation. By a course of espionage like that of the Scotchman, he detected the rats lowering their tails alternately into the flask, and drawing them up covered with the luscious fluid, which each in turn offered to his friend.

Leaving the skirts of fable-land, we find enough of incontrovertible uses to which tails are put. The fish's tail is his propeller, by which the pike or the albacore darts like an arrow through the water, and the salmon ascends the fall. By its power the breaching whale throws his huge bulk of a hundred tons clear out from the brine, to fall in a surge and splash of

foam, visible from the whaler's deck at five miles' distance; and, by its powerful strokes, the same creature, when struck by the harpoon, dashes off through the billows ten knots an hour, drawing after him the boats filled with his persecutors, half-drowned in spray. The sword-fish attains by its use the velocity which has, in repeated instances, driven his blade through the copper and thick planking deep into the ship's hold. The "propeller," as adapted to our vessels, is nothing but a fish's tail, applied, for mechanical convenience, with a rotary instead of a reciprocating motion, just as a man, not able easily to put under his railway-engine a set of legs moving alternately like his own, modifies the plan, and resorts to the contrivance of an indefinite number of legs radiating from an axle instead of a hip-joint, and, by rotating it, brings them down successively in front of each other, so that his machine walks or runs along very well.

We have already mentioned the peculiar arrangement of the tails of the old red-sandstone and carboniferous fishes—an arrangement perpetuated in our day only in a few existing instances, such as the shark; though some others, such as the gar or bony pike, which have a nearly symmetrical tail when adult, have an unequal or "heterocercal" one while young—an arrangement which seems to show an analogy between the general progress of created forms and the successive stages in life of the growing individual—of which, whoso would know more, let him subscribe to Agassiz's new work, and learn.

The form of fishes' tails are adapted to the general forms of their owners, and suited for the attainment of greater or less speed. The cat-fish and other sluggish swimmers have obtuse rounded tails. The swifter fishes, such as the mackerel or shark, have the tail prolonged into pointed lobes, "so that the area of the surface of the tail is in the inverse ratio of the distance from its axis of motion—the figure which may be considered best adapted for great velocity of progression." So say the learned. And an entirely analogous feature may be observed in the wings, which are the propelling organs of birds. The slow and heavy-flying kinds, like the gallinaceous tribe, having short and rounded wings, while those of swift and long-continued flight, as the swallows, gulls, and petrels, have long and pointed wings. Experiments, suggested by such observations, seem to show that pointed, instead of broad and rectangular, paddles would give greater velocity to steam-boats, were not their use practically inconvenient.

The lobster-like crustacea also make their tails instruments of progression, or rather, we should say, of retrogression, for they flap them violently forward under the body, and dart backwards from the reaction of the stroke with an arrow-like velocity, surprising to those who, seeing these animals only on land, deem them sluggish in their movements.

The swimming reptiles also make the tail their main instrument of progression—at least,

those which have tails of serviceable size. The marine lizards of the Galapagos, or Encantada Islands, when they swim, fold their legs close to their sides, and move by lateral oscillations of the tail. So does the alligator—so does the iguana, when he takes the water—and so does the snake when driven from the bank, converting almost his whole length into one laterally-moving propeller. This traditional enemy of our race is not, however, as a little girl of our acquaintance once remarked of a garter snake, "all tail," but is distinctly separable into head, neck, and body also; and anatomists have, in some species, detected even rudimentary legs.

The tail of the alligator and that of the shark, also, are, upon suitable occasions, convertible into offensive weapons of no small power; and, on their capture, it is advisable to secure or disable, as soon as possible, this powerful flail, which sweeps everything before it. Perhaps it was of such instances that Milton had heard, when he wrote in his Hymn on the Nativity, how

The old dragon under ground,
In closer limits bound,
Not half so far casts his accustomed sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the sealy horror of his folded tail.

Here we see the despised member is not quite immentionable by writers of some standing. We might quote more from the same authority of

Typhon huge ending in snaky twine,
or of the

Serpent, standing on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that towered
A surging maze;

or, from an older poem still—how Behemoth "moveth his tail like a cedar," as well as many another allusion, were it necessary still further to dignify our subject. But we believe it to be needless.

Before leaving the consideration of the tail as an offensive weapon, we may refer to the sting-ray or trygon, which bears a sharp and serrated spine midway upon its tail, which can inflict a severe wound on its incautious captor. The virulent weapons borne by scorpions and other insects at their hinder extremities are not properly to be cited as illustrations of our subject; for these spiteful appendages are only situated caudally, not tails in themselves, and differ merely in location from the similar and more deadly weapons borne by venomous serpents in their jaws, and by centipedes on one of their front pairs of feet.

Birds put their tails to more uses than one. Not to recur to their ornamental capacity, noticed in speaking of the peacock and pheasant, we may look at them in their guiding function, as rudders to steer the bird in its rapid flight. That they serve this purpose is undeniable; for, if the reader will do as we did once (we admit that it was in boyish mischief, and not in scientific investigation), and pull out a pigeon's terminal feathers, his uncertain and staggering flight will at once prove that he has lost a con-

trolling member. In further proof of this it may be remarked that, while birds of rapid and well-controlled flight—such as the falcons and swallows—have tails of very useful dimensions, the tribes which make little or no use of their wings have no tail of any consequence. Instances of this are seen in the penguins, grebes, and loons, among aquatic birds, and the struthious tribes among terrestrial forms. The ostrich, with its feeble wings, has but a tuft of soft plumes as a caudal ornament; and the apteryx of New Zealand, in which the wings are merely rudimentary and only detected on close scrutiny, has no tail at all.

In some birds, the tail forms a sort of third limb or support, so that the bird is practically a tripod. So it is with the woodpecker, who holds tight to the tree with his claws, while his tail feathers, braced against the bark below, keep him from falling backward or slipping down, and support him most comfortably and conveniently in his erect position. If you examine his tail-feathers, you will find them worn to sharp points by friction; and the same is true of those of the chimney-swallow, who clings in the same manner to the rough sides of his native flue.

Among quadrupeds, the kangaroo seems to make use of his tail in an analogous way, as he sits erect and views the land around him. More than this, it has been reported that this member, which, with him, is very stout and muscular, aids very much in his flying leaps, and that, if deprived of its assistance, his bounds are awkward and much diminished in length. But for the truth of this allegation we will not be answerable.

Other quadrupeds find their tails exceedingly convenient in various ways. When a boy, we were told how the squirrel used his as a blanket on retiring for the night. There is an authentic instance of this kind in the great ant-eater of Guiana, who regularly covers himself with the bushiest of tails, when he curls up to sleep. His smaller relative, the lesser ant-eater, makes a different use of his. It is long and prehensile, "and," says an accurate authority, "when the creature is about to sleep, it hides its muzzle in the fur of its breast, and, letting its fore-feet hang down on each side, wraps the whole tightly round with its tail." And a very snug arrangement too.

Many monkeys use their tails in the same manner, and it is most convenient to them as a fifth prehensile limb, by which they swing and dangle merrily "under the blossom that hangs from the bough." A better arrangement for a fruit-picking animal cannot be imagined; and it is by a simple exaggeration of this power that the very good story of their suspension-bridges already mentioned has been made.

We count for a fable the story how the beaver makes of his flattened and scaly tail a sledge whereon to drag little burdens, and a trowel wherewith to temper and plaster the mud mortar of his dams, and the walls of his little Venice. Yet we believe its peculiar form is not without some object, and that it, as well as the hori-

zontally flattened tail of the ornithorhynchus, and the vertically flattened tail of the musk-rat, has some use in its owner's subaqueous excursions, either in the way of propeller or rudder.

Of all traditional tails, none has occupied so much attention as the Tail of the Author of Mischief. Painters have always represented him with a dorsal appendage, more or less barbed. In one of the prints to a Dutch translation of Bunyan's Holy War, the manner in which his tailor is represented as accommodating it is ingenious. He is never supposed to be proud of it, except in Porson's Devil's Walk :

And over the hill and over the dale

He walked, and over the plain :

And backwards and forwards he switched his long tail

As a gentleman switches his cane.

But though poets and painters agree as to the devil's peculiar ornament, and though many sinners and still more saints have seen it (we now quote the celebrated Portuguese preacher Vieira), it is not so generally known how he came by his tail : it grew at his fall, as an outward and visible token that he had lost the rank of an angel, and was fallen to the level of a brute.

WANDERING WORDS.

CHANGEABLE and uncertain creatures are words ; always roaming about from country to country, disguised under all sorts of masks ; hiding their origin with as much jealous care as if they were ashamed of their parentage, and making a world of confusion in every literature where they have smuggled themselves, like contraband goods conveyed across the frontier. In those very last two lines see what a tangle of tongues and original meanings ! Confusion—a melting together ; literature—the substantive form of letters ; smuggle—from the Danes or Swedes, used anciently also for secret flatteries and caresses ; contraband—against the ban or edict ; convey—to go or journey with ; voyage—also from the same root ; and frontier—from the Latin, through the French, the brow or foremost line. Analyse, that is dissolve or resolve, each word back to its original form, and instead of the sharp, compact, concrete result which now embodies a complex idea in a single word, we should have long pages of loose-lying particles, among which the mind would slip and stumble, as the feet among the shingle. Compact concrete : are not these preferable to join together and grown together, their actual meanings ? If, then, instead of this cohesion we were to go back to the unknit particles and express ourselves in many words instead of one, we should come to strange explanations—some very graphic, others very bewildering. We should call an adjective a word cast to another ; an interjection a word cast in among the rest ; a verb would be *the* word ; and an adverb something tacked on to the word : if we extracted anything, we should touch or handle it again ; if we spoke of our religion, it would of the being bound or tied again ; of our absolution,

as being loosed from : we should not lament our tribulations, but would speak of being like corn thrashed from the husks, from tribulation, the original of this picture word ; instead of being desultory, we should jump from one thing to the other, *de salto*, by leaps ; and our caprices would be only goat-likenesses in their sudden bounding from point to point ; simplicity would be without fold, duplicity with two folds ; a carbuncle would be a little live coal ; Florida would be the flowery land ; the Morea, the mulberry-leaf shaped ; Port Natal, port discovered on Christmas-day ; Madeira, the wooded ; and Sicily, in its ancient form of Trinacria, the three-cornered. The rugged form of Mont de Pilate would lose its awful legend and come down to be merely Mons pileatus, the hatted hill, because of the eternal cloud upon its summit. Stipulation would go back to the old emblem of two people, when entering on an agreement, breaking a straw between them ; a fortune and a ruin would not be dilapidated but unstoned ; and allegiance would be only the act of being tied to anything. Language would not gain much by this dissolving or analysing process, though some of the lost or forgotten meanings are better than the present compound forms ; as, that obedience means literally the lowering or abasing of oneself ; astonished, thunder struck ; that passion means suffering, as indeed it is ; mankind, men kinned or related ; transport, the being carried out of ourselves ; and rapture the being snatched away. That sierra is literally a saw ; a miser, a wretch ; that labour and wickedness have the same Greek root—how wicked some of us must be ! that a libertine is simply a freethinker, or free man, and a lewd person was only one of the laity. Going on, we find that idiot meant originally a private or unofficial man ; a rōuē one broken on the wheel—coming first to represent a libertine in the times of the Orleans Regency, when the Duc d'Orleans gathered round him such a set of profligates and scamps, that he was used to say they all deserved to be broken alive on the wheel ; to debauch is to déboucher, the mouth—of uncertain application ; to dapple, is to spot like an apple or pippin ; the alligator is *el lagerta*, the lizard ; dischewilled, déchevelé, debaired ; to encroach is to hook a thing on to another, from *croc*, a crook—whence crooked, and the old words crokes for hooks, and *acroke*, crooked ; also *crouettes*, the charming little saucy girls called now *accroche-cœurs*, or hook-hearts. Why should we say adjourn, and not to the next day ? bruited abroad, and not noised abroad ? parasol, and not sun warder ? umbrella, which, by-the-by, is ombrelle, a little shade—and not (paraphine) rain warder ? How did *quelque chose* ever become converted into kickshaws ; and *étiquette*, or the ticket, be made to mean the proprieties of life ? That the Franks would have stamped their nature on an adjective meaning, specially what is most ingenious and candid, is as much an ethnological and historical fact as it is a matter of etymology (what terribly hard words we get into when we tread on the heels of any science !). But, turning to religious matters, few people remember that

angel was originally a messenger; that a martyr is a witness; an apostle, one sent; and an advocate, one who speaks to or for: that a pagan was one who dwelt in towns; and a heathen, according to some, a dweller in the country or on heaths, according to others, and more probably, one of the idolatrous Danes from Hædreland. A divine was of the school and manner of learning of Demeotus, the great hair splitter of his time. Mammetry and mammet, old words for idol worship, and dolls, toys, or idols, were only corruptions of Mahomet, and Mahometry. The leopard was the lion-pard, and the camel-leopard the camel-lion-pard. Cambric took its name from Cambray, where that special fabric was originally manufactured; crape from Cyprus; diaper from Ypres; damask from Damascus, as also damson, or Damascene plum; dimity from Dami-etta; cordwain, or cordovan, from Cordova, where the best leather was made, whence cordwainer or cordonnier, shoemaker; the biggen, a certain kind of cap, was taken from the Béguines, who first wore it; the cravat from the Croats, or Crabats, as they were called; muslin came from Moussul; calico from Calicut; padusoy was Padua soy, or silk; a mantua-maker, the maker of a certain court gown called a mantua, and fashionable at the city of that name, hence mantles; a milliner was a Milaner, or Milanese worker, famous for their taste and skill in making ladies' head-dresses. Hurricane is the Anglicised version of ouragan, storm; the curfew was couvre-feu, put out the lights; and thrall and thralldom come from the custom of thrilling or drilling the ears of slaves in token of their servitude. But this is questionable. Those last examples bring us to the time of the Normans and Saxons, and here we find, perhaps, the most interesting studies of all to us as Englishmen. To trace back our Latin derivatives to their original or ethical meanings is pleasant enough, but to map out the exact line of the Conquest, and trace back by words the precise kind and amount of influence exercised by the invaders, helps us on in our history as well as in our knowledge of language, and clears up the question of races as well as of roots. It is a help to us to know that the two most important and virile parts of speech, the noun and adverb, are for the most part Saxon; the adjective and adverb for the most part Norman, or French-Latin, save in the simpler and more expressive examples. Also, that "almost all words relating to agriculture and to handicraft trades, as well as the names of cattle in the field, and the implements of husbandry, are Saxon; while words relating to skilled warfare, as well as the names of animals when cooked and served at table, are of Norman-French origin. The word 'agriculture' indeed is of Latin derivation, but we have the Saxon word 'husbandry' signifying the same thing; while tillage, ploughing, sowing, reaping, thrashing, winnowing, mowing, and harvest, are all Saxon words, as are also the plough, the spade, the rake, the scythe, the reaping-hook; with grass, hay, straw, meadow, field, barn, corn, wheat, oats, barley, and many others." The

cattle in the field were Saxon: turned into food and prepared for table they were Norman. So long as they were objects of care and servile tending they belonged to the conquered, when they were matters of refinement and enjoyment they came to the conquerors. Cow became beef, sheep mutton, a calf was veal, and deer venison, swine was euphuised into pork, and the generic name of poultry massed all the ruder terms of cock and hen, and duck and chicken, and the like, into a polite whole. Fowl, volaille, also comes from the same source, say some; others, that it is from the Saxon fugel, or Danish fuyll. Bacon is good Saxon: from buken, the beech-tree; Saxon pigs being chiefly fed on beech mast, as are their German relations to this day. All the days of the week are Saxon; all the months are Latin; three of the seasons—spring, summer, winter—are Saxon, but autumn, which ought to be harvest-time, is French; the peasantry, however, for the most part, vindicate our native tongue and speak of the season as harvest-time only; while the Americans, borrowing their image from their forests, not their lands, call it by the singularly beautiful name of Fall. Fall for the forest, harvest for the field; how much more significant and expressive than the mere arbitrary sign of Autumn! It is always said that almanack is from an Arabic word, signifying calendar or day tables, but Dean Hoare gives us what seems a much better and more likely derivation. "The ancient Saxons," he says, "kept a note of the course of the year on square sticks, on which they carved the course of the moons of the whole year, by which they knew when the new moons, full moons, and changes would occur, as also their festival days; and such a carved stick they called almonaght, that is, all-moon-heed, by which they took heed or regard of all the moons in the year." They counted time by nights, and ages by seasons; as se'nnight, seven nights; fortnight, or, as anciently, fortēnyght, fourteen nights; and that they were so many winters old. The names of most handicraft trades are Saxon, as smith, one who smiteth—given to all trades where the hammer was used; bricklayer, stone-cutter, waller, cartwright, and shipwright, shoemaker, and others; carpenter, French, was originally wood-smith, and tailor, also French, was originally synder, meaning a cutter. The present German is schneider, which is not so far out; and to sunder comes from the same root. The native rough-hewn material for handicraft trades was also Saxon; as leather, wood, brick, stone, slate, gold, silver, lead, glass, cloth, &c., but war and warlike nomenclature went to the Norman, save the weapons in use before the conquest—sword, shield, spear, bow, bolt, or arrow, and axe. But while general and lieutenant, captain, soldier—the paid man—infantry and cavalry came from the French, the sturdy yeomen, or yewmen, retained their Saxon name and office; as did the seafaring man, the fleet, and the skippers. Indeed, most of the naval terms are Saxon, in curious contradistinction to the military. There has always been a marked

opposition between the two services, and we come now to the origin of it: the one belonged to the aristocratic, or ruling power; the other, to the people; and was lovingly held and upheld by the people: and the same distinction stands good to the present day, though, of course, in a highly modified sense. All those uncouth sounding sea-names are Saxon: luff, and thwart, and starboard, and larboard, and abaft, and yards, as originally used for poles, neap and full tides which ebb and flow, reefed sails, vessels taken in tow, a tug, and how many knots she goes, the yard manned, and the ship trimmed, with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together at the slack rope, which is to be made taut—they are all as pure as time and transition will allow. So are the skippers and the midshipman, the cookswain, the boatswain, the steward, and the steersman, the sailor by himself, and the crew altogether. So are the words speaking of home and family. Home, and homestead, the place of home, are Saxon; and husband is only contrasted from house or hus-band, while wife, and some say women, is wif-man, or woof-man, in contrast to weep-man or weapon man: words which signified the fighter and the worker, as now the Indian brave and squaw. Spinster is from spinner, as we all know; and women did not marry until they had spun a certain amount of linen cloth for their bridal finding. Step-father is but the sted-father, the father in place of; foster is foodster, the provider of food—the foster-mother, the food-mother; daughter is deore, whence our dear; bairn, is the born; and father and mother, and son and daughter, and brother and sister, and child and bairn, are all right honest native speech, with never the echo of a foreign tongue among them. Lord, is laford, or leaford, the provider of bread; and lady, is leaf-dian, the dispenser of bread; for loaf is leaf, or laf; the king is cun, or cyn, valiant; and queen is the contraction of cuningina, the feminine of cun; steward was stedward, the holder of the place, and holdward, was the keeper of the hold, or castle; and in time they came to Steward, Stuart, and Howard, as the tabard or herald's coat got down to Talbot. Warder was guardian, the Normans always changing w into g, as Gualles, Wales; Corn-gualles, Cornwall; guerre, war; constable was the king's stable or support; and the lord high constable was the king's first minister; a modern constable is the queen's support, and is better named than when he was catchpole. Gossip, is good Saxon; meaning god-sib, or god-relations, to show the spiritual kinship of the god-father and god-mother. The importance of this god-sib, or god-kinship, was so thoroughly understood, that two people who had stood in that relation to each other by the christening cradle of a new bairn, could not marry, being now spiritually brother and sister. From this word, god-sib, came our gossip, once used for cummer, co-mère, fellow mother, but now taken only to represent light and idle talk; for Dean Hoare says, "as the gossips, especially the two god-mothers of a

girl, were accustomed to meet at the house of their god-child and have a little chat together, all trivial talking came to be called 'gossiping.'" Titter used to mean love-making, or courtship; hence tittering, silly whispering, according to the manner of lovers from Eve downward. And by-the-by, silly is a corruption of seeliz, blessed, by gradual steps brought down to mean foolishness, not blessedness, though often used for simplicity and innocence.

The origin of girl is uncertain: some take it from garrula, talkative, as we should say a chatter-box, because all young girls are chatter-boxes, chartered so by nature; and others say it is a contraction of gerula, low Latin for a young creature of what people call the "fair sex." The laity may judge between the two, and perhaps be equally out in both. England, too, is a word of uncertain origination. Some say because of its angles, some because of its narrowness, eng meaning narrowness or straitness; but Marryat tells us that eng in Danish means meadow, and that England more likely stood for meadow land than for anything else, narrow, angular, or angelic. The word mob came into use in the time of Charles the Second, when the members of the Green Ribbon Club used it as contraction for mobile vulgus, as we to-day say bus, and cab, and sham. Heaven is that which is leaved or heaven up; wrong is the perfect participle of to wring, or wrest; the brunt of a battle is the heat of a battle, for brunt and brent are burnt, but brant is steep; thus Brentwood is burnt wood, but Brantwood is the steep wood. A shire is a thing shired or shared off the rest; thus shire, shore, share, shear, shred, sherd, potsherd, all come from the same root; and a knight of the shire—in early Saxon, cnyht—was one admitted to serve his county in parliament. For knight or cnyht meant originally servant or follower, as did knave, this meaning also a boy; villain was a peasant, boor a farmer, varlet a serving-man, menial one of the many or household, church a strong fellow, minion a favourite, and lout, now an awkward clown, was a graceful bow or obeisance. Knights louted low when they were dubbed or struck. Imp was the child of a noble or royal house; Spenser calls the Muses, "Ye sacredimps, that on Parnasso dwell," and on some of the old tombstones may be read, "Here lies that noble imp," if death had claimed a youngling. Fourier would indorse this interchange of idea; see his classification of Diabolotins and the rest.

To worry comes from a Saxon word signifying to choke, wherefore dogs worry sheep when they strangle them; bran-new is brand-new, fire-new, fresh from the forge or furnace; spick-and-span new, shining new from the warehouse, for spang was shining—hence spangle—and spick was a warehouse; a book was buckon, the offspring of the beech-tree, because the Saxons used to write on thin slips of beech before they came to the knowledge of paper; twine was two threads, twist that which was twiced or doubled. Whit-Sunday is Weid-

Sunday, or Holy Sunday, and Easter was from Oster-monat, or East-wind month, as April was called before it got christened by the Latin term of Opening; fret means to eat or devour, wherefore moths fret or eat garments, and a man is fretted or devoured by his troubles. To-day and to-night we all know, and to-morrow was to-morrowing, to keep them company; friend was from frian, to love, fend from fian, to hate; gospel is good spell or good story; twilight is twin or two lights; a haw is real Saxon for a ditch, hence a haw-haw fence, and the haw thorn, or ditch thorn, the thorn planted on the top of the haw or ditch. Craven is a coward, craving or begging for his life; a sheaf was in the beginning a bundle of arrows tied round the middle, and a wheat-sheaf was so called because of its resemblance in form. Sheffield was not the field of sheff, but sheaf-held, for it was always famous for its cutlery, and took as its arms four arrows held as in a sheaf. Bell and to bellow, signify roarer and to roar; heal is to cover; health is that which is covered or healed; hell is the covered or unseen place, and the hull of a ship comes from the same root; the earth is from crean, to plough, and the hearth was so called after the great Saxon mother earth; dearth is dere, to injure; mazed is mad; tidy timely; lad is a man-child under the leading of his parents, his sister was laddess, now clipt down to lass. Bode is a house, an abiding-place; and came to be the body, the house or abiding-place of the soul; and each member of the body has a special significance, as neck from nican, to bend, whence also knee, and knuckle, the little knee of the finger. The worm came from werpen, to move in curved lines, and werpen is our warp, and the moldy warp is the mole, or mould-warper. The spider is a spinner; moth is the contraction of an unpronounceable verb which signified to eat; the snail and the snake are both born of sniccan, to creep, as is also sneaking; a slug is slow, so is a sluggard; a gnat is from natan, to sting; lobster from loppe, to leap; and crab from creopan, to crawl; wassail was was-heal, be of good health, and was the initiatory bowl, and carouse was garouz, all out, and no heel-taps. Another derivation brings this from the Irish crowse or karrows, lively, jolly.

Coward is a vexed question: some say from cow-herd, fit only to herd cows, others from the Latin cauda, through the Italian codardo and the French couard, as one would say tailed, or with his tail between his legs; collar is collier, the necker; biscuit the twice baked; courier is the runner; costard an apple, whence costard-monger, apple-merchant; a river is that which rives or tears its banks; and a cutler is a couteillère, from couteau, a knife. Haberdasher is wrapped in profound mystery—habt ihr das, or avoir d'acheter, both given as the sponsors of this uncouth word; to meshis from the German meischen, to mix; to maunder is maudire, to curse, speak ill, mutter; mortar is a mortière, a killer; mortress, a plate of meat pounded in a mortar; salt-cellar is the salière,

the salter or salt-holder; parlour is the speaking-place, boudoir the pouting-place, a drawing-room the withdrawing-room—an English dictionary has it under the unintelligible sign of Zeticula; merry-andrew was one Andrew Borde, in the time of Henry the Eighth, who first vended his wares in public, and who ever since has given his name to a certain class of buffoons; Madge Howlet is from machette, an owl; statues were once called dances; daube was a particular way of dressing veal; mic-mac is old French for all kinds of messments and intrigues; mean, low, vulgar, comes from the Saxon gemæne, common; mean, the midst, from the Latin medium, through the French moyen. Maim is from the old French word maheigneur, to hurt or lame; bedes-man is a prayer-man, bede standing for beads or prayers; and bond-man is a bound man, which then went into bondy, as simpleton: with good reason, none but simpletons being content to remain bound. The original meaning of bride was to cherish; the bridegroom was the servant of the bride—for the wedding-day only; the original meaning of buxom was to bend, then it went to mean a flexible, jolly woman; cock-a-hoop was coq-à-huqe, a crested cock, and cock apparel was *quelque* apparel; a barley cake was a bannock, is so yet, and an oat cake was a jannock; basiate, osculate, basse, and buss, all were used for our homely pleasant kiss; a crotchit is a little hook; a dicke is a key; coint or quaint comes from the French, and bequeath is from the Saxon *quith*, a wish or will. The crier's O yes! O yes! O yes! comes from the oyez! oyez! oyez! with which the Norman courts were opened; limbo is from limbus, the edge or border, so limbo was placed just on the confines of hell; ait is real Saxon for a small island clothed with osiers; royal is real or true; and the San Graal, or holy graal, which all the Sir Galahads of the middle ages went mooning over Europe to find, was properly the sang real, or true blood of the Saviour, which got corrupted with the mysterious holy graal or grail. Another strange instance of corruption is in Taudry lace. It was originally Saint Audry's lace, a certain kind of fine silk neck-lace, such as the scrofulous-necked saint was accustomed to wear round her throat, "and being afterward," says Southey, "tormented with violent pains in her neck, was wont to say that God in his mercy had thus punished her, and the fiery heat and redness of the swelling which she endured was to atone for her former pride and vanity. Probably she wore this lace to conceal the scrofulous appearance, and from this, when it was afterwards worn as an ornament which was common and not costly, the word taudry may have been taken to designate any kind of coarse and vulgar finery."

Touching names, there are curious meanings at the back of some. Audry, for instance, is the same as Ethelreda, and Ethelreda is noble in council, or noble speaker; Edmund is the mouth of truth; Edward and Edgar a keeper of his word; Gertrude is all truth; Margaret is a

pearl; Susanna a lily; Esther a star; Drusilla is dewy eyes; Dousabel is douce et belle; Leonard is a lion's heart; Lancelot a little lance; Bernard is a bear's heart; Richard a rich heart; Everard a boar's heart; Lambert a lamb's heart; Godhart a good heart; Manhard, or Harman, a man's heart; and Gerard is all heart. William is Gild-helme, gilt helmet; and Walter is a woodman; Winfred and Winoufreda win peace; Wilfred willed peace; Sigismond is the mouth of victory; and Raymond is rein mund, pure mouth; Matilda is a maiden champion; Hugh is joy or gladness; Humphrey—of old, Humfrid, or Homefred—is home peace; Henry is have wealth; Godfrey, or Geoffrey, is good peace; Alfred, all peace; Frederic, rich in peace; Francis is free; and Lanfranc, free of the land. Stephen is a crown; Charles was once Gar-edel, all noble; Leopold is keeper of peace or love, from loef, now changed to love, and hold, to keep; Christopher Columbus is the Christ-bearer Dove. All the Beaus are beautiful, as Beauchamp, Beauchief, Beaulieu, in some instances changed to Bewdley and Bewley. But "Nabuchodonosor" is the most marvellously treated. According to Southey, "he was exposed when an infant under a tree; a she-goat gave him suck, and an owl hooted at noonday from the boughs above; this unusual noise attracted the notice of a leper who was passing by: he turned aside to the tree, saw the child, and preserved him, and in memory of these circumstances named him Nabuchodonosor; Nabug signifying in Chaldee an owl, codo a she-goat, and nosor a leper." The Capuchin monks were a certain body of Franciscans, who wore a peculiar hood or capuchon; the Carmelites were instituted at Mount Carmel; the Cistercians were the monks of Citeaux; and the Lollards are doubtful, being derived either from lollen, to chant, from lolium, tares among the wheat, and from a possible but problematical Loller, assumed to be a now forgotten but then influential founder or member of the sect. It is very common to make a man's name into a significant emblem, and Loller may have been as real a person as Luther, Calvin, Brown, or Irving, as Burke, Macadam, Joseph Manton, Volta, or Galvani.

But the oddest things of all are to be found in the dictionaries. Why they are all kept there no one knows; but what man in his senses would use such words as zytheapsary for a brew-house, and zumologist for a brewer; would talk of a stormy day as procellous and himself as magedified; of his long-legged son as increasing in procerity but sadly marcid, of having met with much procacity from such a one; of a bore as a macrologist; of an aged horse as macrobiotic; of important business as moliminous, and his daughter's necklace as moniliform; of some one's talk as meracious, and lament his last night's nimety of wine at that dapatical feast, whence he was taken by ereption? Open the

dictionary at any page, and you will come on a whole host of these words; simple Greek and Latin with sometimes an Anglicised termination, and sometimes not, as the introducer and user thought fit. Now, these few specimens are apt illustrations of the truths that to add to a language is not always to enrich it, that simplicity and strength are generally identical, that diversity of terms is not subtilty of expression, and that to be able to call the same thing by two names is only a cumbersome addition and no real enhancement to literature. But it is an advantage to have distinct terms for the finest shades of thought and feeling; and the famous Greek aorists which puzzle every schoolboy, and the famous Greek particles which drive schoolmen to despair, and the German philosophical abstractions drawn up from the very depths of thought, making such infinite play for the casuist, and the grand German compounds which chisel out a whole figure by a single stroke, are all true enrichments; while Johnson's heavy Latinisms are ponderous, not strong, being of that diseased growth which weakens life while it increases bulk. The terser and more concrete a language the better; the fewer the words in which one's meaning may be expressed the more forcible the style. Horne Tooke calls the interjection "the brutish inarticulate interjection, which has nothing to do with speech, and is only the miserable refuge of the speechless;" and so with all other wrappings and artifices by which a small thought is made to appear of size and weight, and the same image is multiplied by simply being held in various lights. People talk of being weakened and debilitated, of bleaching white, of a bellicose warrior, of being struck dumb and mute with ire and rage; but they do not remember, perhaps they do not always know, that they are but doubling their words, and using two languages instead of one. As a rule, the more Saxon we use and the less Latin, the more forcible, certainly the more simple and manly, our style; above all things, it is well to avoid double epithets which, analysed, mean the same thing, and so only crowd the page without enriching the thought or lightening up the meaning. One word is better than two words in all cases; and a Latin leash which shall bind together two or three or four Saxon particles is to be taken in preference to leaving those particles for the reader to break his shins over as he wanders down the page, stumbling over the disjointed native boulders.

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